The Enterprise.

VOL. 8. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1903. NO. 30.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:26 A. M. Daily.
12:38 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

12:10 A. M. Daily.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	6:45	12:10
" "	—	2:33
" South	—	12:38
" "	—	6:56

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:55	12:10
"	—	6:25
South	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City

TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City

ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK
H. W. Schaberg.....Redwood City

COUNTY RECORDER
John F. Johnston.....Redwood City

SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City

AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City

SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

FASTEST SUBMARINE CRAFT YET.

The Moccasin Proves to Be Better Than Her Speed Contract Calls For.

New York.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Newport, R. I., says: The submarine torpedo boat Moccasin, built by the Holland Torpedo Boat Company, had its final acceptance trip on Narragansett bay. The new boat gained the credit of being the fastest submarine torpedo boat thus far tried. The surface of the bay was perfectly smooth, making conditions satisfactory for the run. The course was between Despair and Rose islands, and on the run to the former island the Moccasin under four cylinders exceeded the speed contract of eight knots. After a series of speed runs on the surface the tanks were filled and the Moccasin disappeared and ran from Despair island to Rose island under her motor for the endurance test, after which she made two short dives of three minutes duration each.

Later the boat, running at half speed, firede a Whitehead torpedo at a shore mark 800 yards distant. A number of naval observers followed the Moccasin on the torpedo boats McKee and No. 2.

Marconi Near Collapse.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from London says: It is reported that Signor Marconi has been indisposed for several days in Rome. His physician found him on the verge of collapse and ordered that he take a prolonged rest. He is going to the Riviera.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related In Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

Four men entered a saloon at Helper, Utah, and at the point of revolvers held up the proprietor and a number of men in the place and secured $2000.

Joseph Bashaw, who was, as near as can be figured out, at least 114 years of age, was found dead in bed at the home of his stepson near Sidney, Oregon. He was probably the oldest man in Oregon. He was a Frenchman by birth and served in the French war of 1806-15 under Napoleon. He drove an ox team to Oregon in 1847, and was then a gray-haired man.

Henry Berg, a rancher living two miles northwest of North Yakima, Wash., shot and killed his six-year-old foster son, Charley August Berg, and then committed suicide. He shot the boy while he was asleep and then put the muzzle of the rifle in his mouth and pulled the trigger with his toe. It is supposed that Berg was insane.

The zinc plant of the Utah Metals Company, located at Park City, Utah, the only plant for the treatment of zinc-bearing ores in the West, has been almost totally destroyed by fire. The loss is about $125,000, partly covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have resulted from placing ores from the roasters in wooden bins. About forty men are thrown out of employment.

P. D. Michie, an old man living in the mountains west of Willows, set fire to his cabin and then shot himself with a rifle. A crew of men working on the road saw the flames and discovered the charred remains of Michie in the ruins. A note was found pinned to a tree which told how he would end his life. The facts bore evidence that the plans were faithfully carried out. The old mountaineer was past 80 years of age.

John Bennett, a pioneer of 1849, died at his home in Grass Valley the other day. He was a native of England, but came to California by the overland route in 1849 and took up mining in this county. In 1850 he settled in Grass Valley, where his family have made their home ever since. He was well known and owned considerable property. He leaves a family of eleven children. He served several terms on the Board of City Trustees of Grass Valley and one term as County Tax Collector.

At Santa Cruz, Miss Sarah Cowell, daughter of Henry Cowell, the well-known millionaire, was killed near the lime kilns owned by her father; and Mrs. Frank George, wife of the foreman, was badly injured in a runaway accident. The ladies were returning from a drive, when the horse became frightened, it is presumed, and ran away, the cart in which were the ladies striking an obstacle and throwing them out. Miss Cowell was thrown on a pile of rock and had her skull fractured and neck broken.

There is a rumor at Esquimalt, B. C., that a British flying squadron will shortly be organized to undertake a two years' voyage around the world. The report is that the Leviathian will be the flagship and seven cruisers will accompany her. The cruise is to be experimental, and if it works out as its organizers believe, three new cruiser squadrons will be organized, based on Esquimalt, Sydney and Simonstown. The idea is to have cruising squadrons replace the present weak fleets in South American waters and in the Pacific.

Between White Horse and St. Michael sixty Yukon steamers are being placed in readiness to handle what is expected to be the greatest season's business ever known in Alaska. Several new routes will be covered this summer, including one from Dawson to Duncan, on the Stewart river; another from Dawson to Fairbanks and Cheena, on the Tanana river, and another from Dawson to Koyukuk. The large steamer Sybil will be operated by the White Horse line between Dawson, Forty-mile and Eagle, replacing the smaller Zealandian, which covered the route last year. At White Horse the White Pass Railway is placing a fleet of seven steamers in commission.

With the mine flooded and the ledge apparently pinched and all hope for reward gone after years of hard struggle, W. G. Baldwin, a pioneer miner and prospector, stood on the edge of his mining shaft, near Nevada City, after one of the side walls had caved in, picked up what he thought was a piece of decomposed granite to throw after the tumbling ruins as a parting salute to the scene of his hardest struggle. As the fragment was about to leave his hand he was attracted by the glitter. Examination showed that rich sulphurets covered free gold. It was a piece of a four-foot ledge of the same quality of rock. A few strokes of the pick exposed the rich vein at the side of which Baldwin had toiled bravely but unrewarded for many years.

A smelter havingea capacity of 100 tons daily will be in operatoin in San Diego within a very short time. The machinery has arrived and preparations for the erection of the plant are completed. Both Southern California and Lower California ores will be treated, the latter to be brought from the Mexican Coast by one or two steamers under charter of the smelter company. The plant will use the oil blast, which is said to make possible the smelting of ores at much less cost than that of other fuels. This is the plant that was planned to be established at San Pedro by L. M. Morgan and L. Davis, but for which satisfactory terms could not be made at that point. About a hundred and fifty men will be employed. The institution will be located on twenty-five acres of land near the bay in the southern part of the city.

What is said to have once been th most powerful Indian tribe of Central Alaska has become extinct. It occupied the territory which is now being overrun by the white miners and prospectors of the Upper Copper and Tanana rivers and their tributaries. The last member of the tribe, which was known as the "Saulchachets," died in March near the New Tanana diggings. He had lived to an advanced age and told the white miners that during his youth his tribe numbered many hundreds. He said they lived chiefly on herbs and wild game, together with dried salmon, for which they traded their own samples with Indians living on the lower reaches of the Copper river. Their number began to dwindle after Russians entered Alaska and gradually he had seen the entire tribe melt away.

Two Italians Drowned.

San Jose.—As the result of a pleasure row on a small lake near the Father's Village, above Saratoga, two young Italians of this city, well known in the Italian colony, were drowned. The men were J. Sarton and D. Garotti. They had gone to spend the day with a friend, Pucetti, who owns a ranch near Mont Ebello. The men went for a ride in a small skiff on the lake. When in the center of the lake the boat upset. Neither could swim, and before their cries could bring assistance, both were drowned in plain view of their friends on the shore.

American Imports of Champagne.

New York.—A cable to the Herald from Paris says: American prosperity is reflected this year in the annual report of the Chamber of Commerce of Reims, the great center for the production of French champagne. Almost 32,000,000 bottles were produced during the past twelve months and 22,000,000 were sent abroad. More than one-half of this amount was sent to the United States alone, where over 1,000,000 more bottles were consumed during the last year than in any preceding twelve months

Sees Strength in America's Position.

Berlin.—Commenting on the establishment of two American coaling stations in the Pacific ocean, the Kreuz Zeitung says: "With the Panama canal, the Hawaiian islands, Tutuila and the Philippines, the United States holds the most strategic points in the Western hemisphere, where some day her supremacy will be indisputable."

Two Killed in Ohio.

Washington Courthouse, Ohio.—The Cincinnati and Pittsburg express, on the Midland division of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern, was wrecked by spreading rails five miles east of Washington Courthouse and two persons were killed and several seriously injured.

TRADE IS STIFLED BY RUSSIANS

The Demand for American Cotton in Manchuria Shows a Marked Decline.

CZAR'S SUBJECTS GET ALL ORDERS

The Heavy Import and Export Duties at Newchwang Drive Away Commerce—China Powerless to Resist.

Peking.—C. C. Baldwin of New York, a representative of the Southern cotton mills, who has investigated the trade conditions in Manchuria, reports that the American cotton trade was increasing enormously until recently, when the Russians began to exert pressure upon the Chinese, amounting to coercion, for second orders for Russian firms, amounting to 800,000 bales of goods, which otherwise would have gone to America.

Mr. Baldwin says the foreign firms complain bitterly of the difficulty of conducting business under the Russian methods, and he believes that unless Russian absorption of Manchuria is checked the United States will be deprived of a most promising market for cotton within a few years.

China, in reply to further representations of the United States and Japanese Ministers, has again pointed out the impossibility of including in the commercial treaties the opening to trade of Manchurian towns on account of Russian opposition.

The American Minister proposes that China open Moukden, Harbin and a small port at the mouth of the Yalu river.

London.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Mail telegraphs that the excessive duties imposed on both exports and imports at Newchwang by the Russians is driving trade away.

New Insect Pest in Gila Valley.

Phoenix, A. T.—There is great alarm in the upper Gila valley, in the vicinity of Solomonville, over the ravages of a new insect pest that attacks barley and wheat while in the milk and which has in the last few days damaged crops very seriously. The bug is said by entomologists to belong to a family of pentatomidae, and is known as the green stink bug. Officials of the agricultural station know no remedy and advise cutting the crop for hay without taking the chance of maturing the grain. The bug is not a new visitor but never before appeared in numbers sufficient to do damage. Thus far the insect has not appeared in the Salt River valley.

Jumps Into a Well.

Oregon City, Or.—Mrs. Sarah J. Fancher committed suicide by jumping into a well on her farm near New Era. She had been demented for some time, and her family had contemplated sending her to the asylum. She unfastened the rope from the bucket and then tying it around her waist jumped in. Her body was found floating on top of the water.

Quiet Rules at Valparaiso.

Santiago de Chili.—The damage done at Valparaiso during the rioting of the striking dock laborers is estimated at about 1,000,000 pesos. Complete calm prevails at Valparaiso. Arbitrators will decide the questions pending between the steamship companies and the dock laborers who have resumed work.

Drought in Porto Rico.

San Juan, P. R.—Continued southerly winds are causing an alarming drought in Porto Rico. The orange blossoms are dropping, the new cane crop has been seriously delayed, and cattle are suffering from a disease due to lack of food and water.

Killed by an Explosion.

Kossuth, Ia. — Postmaster Hedges was killed by an explosion of gunpowder, said to be accidental, which blew up the Postoffice. Hedges was alone in the building at the time. He said he was held up and robbed of Postoffice funds several days ago.

No More Women Inspectors.

Washington.—The services of the women immigration inspectors appointed three months ago at New York, under the operation of the civil service law, have been discontinued.

BLUE BLOOD IS BETTER THAN RED

Professor's Novel Theory of Capitalists' Superiority Over Laborers.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Blue blood still exists. Harrison S. Smalley of the political economy department of the University of Michigan declares that the capitalists is superior physically to the laborer—his blood is superior. "The laborer," said Smalley, "is at a disadvantage because, among other reasons, of his physical inferiority. I mean a particular kind of physical inferiority, and not that the capitalist has stronger sinews, muscles or lungs than the laborer. In this respect, of course, the laborer has the advantage.

"President Jordan of Stanford spoke truth when he laid emphasis on the importance of blood in animals. The laborer has not the warm, rich, blue blood which means physical superiority. This same blood when thinned out, stands of course for inferiority both mentally and morally. Some men are cart horses, worth $5, and other men belong naturally to a higher order."

Literary Notes from the Century Co.

Jean de Reszke is very largely the subject of Hermann Klein's article on "Modern Musical Celebrities" in the June Century. Mr. Klein has been a London critic for thirty years and his recollections run far back. It was in 1887 that Mr. Klein and Sir Augustus Harris talked over the possibility of engaging Jean de Reszke for opera in London. Together they went to Paris and breakfasted with M. and Mme. Edouard de Reszke, including Jean, "then a lively bachelor of less than forty." Jean de Reszke told Mr. Klein how it came about that he began as a barytone.

Seamen Guilty of Murder and Arson.

Liverpool.—Otto Monson, Gustave Rau, alias August Malahn, and William Smith, alias Dirk Herlar, seamen of the British bark Veronica from Ship Island, against whom the jury on May 5th returned true bills on the charges of murder and arson, have been convicted and sentenced to death. Monson was recommended to mercy. The Veronica was burned at sea December 29th. The prisoners were charged with murdering Captain Shaw and six members of the Veronica's crew.

Finds a Bonanza Pocket.

Gridley.—A rich pocket of gold quartz was discovered a few days ago on the land of Mrs. Berry in this county by Prospector McCall, and is turning out to be a small klondike. A hole two feet deep and three feet in circumference has been made on the ledge and already $4000 has been taken out. McCall has taken out one piece weighing four pounds which is nearly all gold. He guards the mine by working it during the day, while at night he spreads a mattress over the hole and sleeps on it.

Killed in a Blast.

Phoenix, A. T.—P. S. Bagwell, foreman of a rock gang, and Miguel Para, a Mexican, were killed several days ago in a tunnel being driven by the Phoenix & Eastern railroad through the mountain fifteen miles east of Florence. News of the accident has just reached here. Death followed the premature explosion of a round of blasts supposed to have been ignited by a spark from the contact of the tamping rod and flint rock.

Two Suicides in Spokane.

Spokane, Wash.—Mrs. J. L. Kine, aged 46 years, wife of the town marshal at Medical Lake, committed suicide in this city Saturday and Julius Perkins, son of a Deer Park farmer, shot the top of his head off. Mrs. Kline took strychnine and morphine. Mental derangement is supposed to have been the cause in both cases.

Colma Eruption Spreads Panic.

Tuxpan, Mexico.—There was a violent eruption of Colima volcano the other night, accompanied by deafening subterranean noises, an abundant flow of lava and a heavy rain of ashes. The eruption continued all night. People in the neighborhood of the volcano are panic-stricken.

Promising Crops in Russia.

London.—The correspondent of the Standard at Odessa cables that the crops in South Russia are in splendid condition all around, and that this year's yield promises to be better and larger than any for ten years past.

Relief From Portland.

Portland, Or.—The Jewish citizens of Portland have sent $2000 to New York to be added to the fund raised for the purpose of aiding the survivors of the Kishineff massacre.

HIDES OF HOGS TO REPLACE RUBBER

A Scotchman Invents New Process for Tanning Skins.

Colorado Springs, Col.—John Muir of John Muir & Sons, Beith, Scotland, claims to have invented a process for tanning hog hides so as to render them a substitute for rubber in cushion tires for vehicles of all kinds. The process makes the skin harder, more durable and equally satisfactory. Muir is here direct from New York, where he sold the American rights to manufacture to a wealthy syndicate. A demonstrating plant will be erected immediately, and all parties interested will be invited to investigate. A factory will then be built to supply the demand, which is expected to be large. Similar rights have already been sold for Germany, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland and other European countries.

Muir is confident of immediate and general recognition of his invention. The substitute which he offers is superior to and cheaper than rubber. The price of rubber, meanwhile, is necessarliy increasing, owing to the decrease of rubber trees and the long time required to grow others.

Rolls Off Boat and is Drowned.

Stockton.—Walter Kerrick, a porter at the State Hospital, fell off the steamer City of Stockton in the San Joaquin river, near Bouldin island, and was drowned. The steamer had been chartered for an excursion by the social club of the Knights of Pythias Drill Corps, and was returning from Rio Vista. The deceased was 30 years of age, and leaves a mother, a sister and a brother. Kerrick was asleep and rolled off the boat.

Mormons Must Not Preach in Streets.

New York.—Mayor Low, on complaint of several citizens, has stopped the preaching of Mormonism in the streets of the city. All permits formerly issued to Mormon elders to preach in the streets have been revoked and no more will be issued.

Severe Storm in Luzon.

Manila. — A hurricane devastated Santa Maria, Bulacan, Luzon, on Saturday. Earthquake shocks were felt and during the progress of the storm the stone barracks collapsed, killing one and injuring seven native scouts.

The do-nothing makes the finest critic and so fills a place in the plane of the universe.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Never judge a lady by her picnic tintype.

Some people sleep in church because consciences are quieted by going there.

It is odd that folks who tell you a sure cure for corns generally walk with a limp.

Noah's greatest mistake was in carrying on the ark the ancestor of the umbrella borrower.

We are too unkind to our heroes. They cannot help being heroes any more than we can help not being heroes.

The man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before encourages sign painters and makers of lawn mowers.

"Success" is spelled with seven letters. Of the seven only one is found in "fame" and one in "money," but three are found in "happiness."

Cuneiform inscriptions show that the ancient nations had servant troubles. Further investigation may prove that the inscriptions are on pie crust.

John D. Rockefeller is now interested in an invention for getting electrical energy directly from coal. From coal oil to coal would be a short stride even for a shorter man.

After years of delay J. Pierpont Morgan is building a library for his personal use at a cost of $300,000. Could he have been waiting for an offer from Mr. Carnegie?

Sandow the strong man says everyone ought to eat six meals a day. Hurrah for Sandow and the glorious time when everybody works shall have three lunch hours between eight and four.

A man who has been sent to jail for the murder of his wife is judicially dead, as decided by an Illinois Appellate Court. What's the matter with hanging all such, and making them really dead?

Mary Anderson de Navarro has refused an offer of $275,000 to give readings from Shakspeare, Tennyson and Longfellow for fifty-five weeks in America. It is evident that Mary thinks money is not all.

The crown prince of Siam seems to to be a philosophical chap. He says that all kinds of religion will be welcome to his country because the fittest will survive. A fair field and no favors, and may the best creed win—that seems to be about his program.

On a recent midnight the hands of the clocks in the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, Rhodesia, Cape Colony and Portuguese East Africa were moved, and standard time, based on longitude from Greenwich, was established throughout South Africa save in the territory under German jurisdiction. As the clocks strike in synchrony they mark the advent of a larger national unity.

Five more States are to be honored in the navy. The battleships authorized by Congress are to be named after Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota, Mississippi and Vermont. The navy has already named thirty-four ships after States. When the five just authorized by Congress shall be afloat there will remain unused the names of only six States. The Navy Department consequently intends to ask Congress to change the law which requires State names to be given to battleships. It would like a new Constitution and another Cumberland, to mention only two ships that have made history.

Europe is frequently called the Old World, but this does not mean that the governments there are old. On the contrary, some of them are new. France has been a republic for little more than thirty years. The German Empire and united Italy are of about the same age, whereas Belgium is proud of the fact that it is approaching the seventy-fifth anniversary of its secession from the Netherlands. Arrangements are making for celebrating the anniversary in 1905. A fair is to be held in Liege in honor of the occasion, King Leopold will add a new wing to his Brussels palace, and other public buildings will be rushed to completion in order to make the capital attractive to visitors.

"It is said" is the hedge behind which the slanderer lies concealed when he makes a murderous assault upon a spotless reputation. "It is said" is the coward's subterfuge, who dares not face the accused, who is willing to circulate a tale that he may know to be untrue, but for which he does not wish to assume the responsibility. "It is said" is the subtle venom which many modern Iagos use to poison the mind and ruin the peace of twentieth century Othellos. "It is said" is the introductory note of every cruel gossip and scandal. And in nineteen cases out of every twenty the man or woman who prefaces a tale with "It is said" will be found pretty close to the originator or inventor of the slander.

A medical missionary from India tells some interesting stories about the native doctors and their ways. The color line in medication, he says, is drawn by a Mohammedan physician with whom he became acquainted. The Indian exhibited his medicine box, in which were seven bottles containing liquids of various hues. "Fever makes the patient red," said he, "and then I give him red medicine. A cold makes him blue, and I prescribe a blue remedy. A yellow medicine is indicated by the yellowness of biliousness. And so on." Dire possibilities would be involved in case a color blind doctor dosed a sufferer—a risk supplementing the ordinary peril incident to selecting medicine because of its color.

Perhaps you never heard of John Schooling, Jr. He is worth knowing. Down in Mayking, Ky., the women smile at him and the men are glad to clasp his hand. That is because the public is always ready to pay tribute to bravery and honest worth. Schooling is an engineer, and a good one. It means a good deal to be an engineer. It means more to run a locomotive on a mountain railway, where the crew is always within speaking distance of death. Schooling's train was being made up in the yards, and it got away from the crew and dashed down the mountain side. There was a passenger train coming at full speed on the single track. You couldn't have blamed the engineer if he had jumped. Life is sweet. Few monuments are builded to the men who have met death under their engines. But these men who wear their lives out at the throttle are naturally brave. They do not measure duty by the standard of dollars. Time and again they have been roasted, crushed, torn and broken, simply because of a desire to save lives, no matter how great the personal sacrifice. They do not jump. Schooling didn't jump. He hung on to the throttle. He used every art of his craft to lessen the speed of his train. He blew a hundred blasts of the whistle, and just when a horror seemed inevitable somebody threw a switch, the runaway train shot onto a siding and the passenger train went whizzing by. A moment later a greasy hero was down by his machine, filling cups with oil, looking for hot boxes and doing the things that are done daily by 10,000 other engineers. A reward? Yes, there is to be one. John Schooling, Jr., is to have a better position, a fatter pay envelope, and an easier time. But you can't buy heroism or pay for it. It is spontaneous. It comes from the heart. It is a gift, and not once in a thousand times is there a thought of personal benefit when a man risks his life for others. John Schooling, Jr., has done well.

There has been a lot of laughing over young John D. Rockefeller's assertion that what the poor need is sympathy rather than money. But, after all, it is not such a very laughable matter. It is pregnant with wholesome truth. It might seem to the unthinking that if sympathy is what the poor need, they must have plenty of it. Sympathy seems cheap, and so much easier to give than money. But the fact is that the poor do need sympathy, and that they get precious little. Sympathy is not more easy to give than money. It is the hardest thing in the world to give genuinely, and the most helpful when so given. Can any sane mind imagine that it is easy for young Rockefeller, born and raised in the midst of more money than he can count, to put himself into real understanding of any sympathy with the struggles, privations, sufferings, disappointments and despair that comes of want of money? It is a hard thing to do, even when one sincerely tries. And few would try it. Few would enter into such unpleasing study. Most rich people are content to spend their money for their own enjoyment, leaving the poor to live their unknown lives as best they can. Some other rich people blindly give sums of money now and then for the poor, to ease their own conscience or to filip their own pride of superiority, not knowing or caring where the money goes or what purposes for good or ill it accomplishes. It is far easier to give money thus than it is to give sympathy, for sympathy involves thorough understanding of the conditions of the poor, of their aspirations, their real needs and their possibilities. Sympathy is not mere pity. It is soul companionship. Sympathy does not separate itself from material helpfulness. Money goes with it freely and wisely. But the real treasure is the sympathy, not the money, just as the real soul of friendship lies not in acts but in feeling. When the feeling is right the rest follows naturally. Assuming that young Rockefeller is sincere in his belief, he is to be encouraged in it and helped in his efforts to extend it to other rich men. The stock of sneers against Rockefeller will not seriously suffer by omitting from it his seeming desire to sympathize with the poor.

Willing to Try It.

"What do you want?" demanded Mrs. Starvem sharply of the man at the back door.

"I see in this morning's Howler, ma'am," replied Hungry Higgins, "that you advertised 'table board.' I thought, mebbe, you might be givin' out samples to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

Difficulty.

"Life is full of disappointments," said the melancholy philosopher.

"Yes," answered the optimist, "that is due to man's egotism. No matter what he gets he is always sure that he deserves more."—Washington Star.

Charity is that virtue a woman exercises (or fails to) when the children next door come over and break her palm.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

Oh, a golden comb for golden hair,
And milk-white pearls for a neck as fair;
And silver chains, and all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!

O, silken 'broideries, green and blue,
And wrought with crimson thro' and thro',
With coral and amber; all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!

And where is the good ship sailing from
That brings these brave things safely home?
And by what name do you hail her free,
And who is her captain on the sea?

My ship comes sailing from the West,
And her name is called The Sailor's Rest;
And the bravest man of all her crew,
Her captain, is my lover true.

O never will that ship come home,
Wherever she be sailing from;
I warmed my hands beneath the stars
By a fire made of her broken spars.

And three days dead the captain lay,
But how he died no man may say;
I laid him out by the pale moon-rise,
And made a shroud of the 'broideries.

With coral and gold I weighted him,
And still he was light enough to swim,
With silver chains I bound him down,
There was never a corpse so hard to drown.

His black hair lines an eagle's nest
On a sea-girt cliff in the lonesome west;
Now jet for coral there must be
And instead of amber, ebony.
—Waverley Magazine.

Merely an Episode.

IT would be hard to find a more ideally happy couple than the Charterises. After ten years' married life they are still in love with each other. Constance is wont to boast that Dick never has, or has had, a secret which she has not shared. And in the main this is true. But there is one little episode—merely an episode—in his life to which Dick never refers; it is his one secret. And it nearly concerns Constance, too. The wind was blowing wildly against the smoking room windows, bringing a snowstorm in its train.

"Hang it all," remarked Dick Charteris, going to the window and gazing out disconsolately over a world growing rapidly white, "no hunting to-day. And Con won't be back till to-night." He lit a pipe, drew up a comfortable chair in front of the fire, and prepared to make the best of the inevitable. The morning paper lay on a table at his elbow. He took it up, glanced carelessly through it, and soon put it down again. Judging from the expression of his face, his own thoughts were supplying sufficient entertainment.

"Beg pardon, sir." The butler stood before him with a somewhat perplexed countenance.

Captain Charteris roused himself. "Well, Hilton?"

"There is a gentleman wishing to see Sir Geoffrey, sir. I've told him Sir Geoffrey is out, and he wants to wait. But I don't know exactly—the dining-room and drawing-room is all upset, and her ladyship's in the morning room, Would you mind, sir——"

"Show him in here, of course." Dick Charteris was, perhaps, growing a trifle tired of his own company.

"Probably some begging chap, though, coming at this hour," he thought, stretching his long legs and glancing lazily at the clock. It was barely 12.

The first glance, at the stranger, however, dispelled this idea. Dick looked at him critically. A tall, dark man, on the wrong side of 40, with a clever, clean-shaven face. His eyes burned with a curiously eager light. "The man's ill," was Dick's first thought.

He went forward with easy courtesy. "Sorry, Sir Geoffrey is out just now," he remarked, pushing a chair toward the other. "He had to go to a magistrates' meeting. However, he can't be long now, and perhaps I can do duty as host in his absence. I can't say I'm exactly a son of the house, still, by this time next week I hope to be Sir Geoffrey's son-in-law."

The stranger had been listening almost mechanically to Charteris' easy flow of conversation, but at the last words he became suddenly alert and eager.

"Indeed," he said, with scarcely repressed anxiety. "May I ask your name?"

"Charteris. Won't you sit down, Mr. ——?"

But though he took the chair, he paid no attention to the question in Dick's tone. The latter began to feel at a disadvantage, carrying on a conversation with a stranger, name unknown.

"I should be sorry to miss seeing Sir Geoffrey," remarked his visitor, his dull, even tones contrasting so oddly with the fire in his eyes. "I am an old friend of his, but have not seen him for some time."

Charteris glanced at him again. He concluded the man had just come from abroad, which would account for the somewhat odd cut of his clothes and the general look of a certain absence of up-to-dateness about him.

"No doubt Sir Geoffrey will be in directly," he remarked, passing the cigarettes. "You'll find the house in rather a confusion to-day. There's to be a little dance to-morrow in honor of the approaching wedding."

The other slowly lit a cigarette. "I understand you are going to marry one of Sir Geoffry's daughters," he observed, slowly.

"Yes, Constance." He blew a ring of smoke into the air and watched it lazily. "Do you know Sir Geoffrey's daughters?" he asked, curiously.

The dark eyes watching him seemed to glow and burn."

"I used to," he remarked, briefly.

There was a pause Dick began to wish his father-in-law-elect would hasten his return.

"When is your wedding to be?" was the next question.

The stranger spoke as one who has a right to ask, and Dick found himself answering meekly.

"Next week, the 20th. I wanted it sooner, but Constance said she wouldn't be married until after the 16th. The fact is, she was engaged before——"

He stopped abruptly, vexed with himself. What on earth could his affairs and Constance's matter to this man? "I quite understand," replied the other, in his level tones. "I have heard of Miss Merton's former engagement."

"Oh, I see." Dick looked relieved. He hated explanations and reflected that this was probably some old family friend. He lit another cigarette and resumed in a more confidential tone. "You see, she had been engaged to this chap for nearly a year; Forsyth his name was, and then he went abroad and forgot her, the brute."

"How do you know he forgot her?" The question was one, apparently, of idle curiosity.

Dick flung his cigarette into the fire with energy. "Oh, well, when a man never writes, or answers letters, for two years, you naturally conclude he has forgotten. And Con has waited—until just now. Why, it's only two months ago that she promised to marry me, though I have known her all my life, and cared for her too. You see, she thought she was still bound by her promise. And nothing would induce her to be married until after the 16th, because that was his birthday, and he had once said they should be married on that day. But that was yesterday."

There was a silence, broken only by the snow beating against the windows.

"There may have been reasons why he—that man Forsyth—did not write. In the depths of the bush there are many difficulties. Letters are lost, people one has trusted prove unfaithful."

There was an undercurrent of pas-

HE BLEW A RING OF SMOKE INTO THE AIR.

sion in his tone not lost upon his hearer. He stood up, straight-limbed and tall, on the hearth rug.

"I hope you don't think I'm not acting on the square by this chap Forsyth," he said warmly. "But it does seem to me that poor little Con has wasted two years over a good-for-nothing chap. And I mean to make it up to her now."

The other man smiled oddly. "I believe you, Captain Charteris," he said, slowly, "but if you won't deem it an impertinence I should like to ask you one question."

"By all means."

"Does she—Constance, Miss Merton—care any more? I mean, of course, she has forgotten the other man?"

Dick smiled happily. "Quite, I am sure," he said, frankly. "I flatter myself that I occupy his place in her thoughts now, lucky chap that I am." Then, to redeem the last words from any suspicion of egotism, he added: "She was so young, you know; only 17 when she was first engaged to Forsyth, and he was old enough to be her father."

The other man made no answer. He looked the young man up and down, his eyes resting curiously on Dick Charteris' fair, boyish face. Something between a sigh and groan came from his lips and startled Dick.

"Is anything the matter he asked quickly.

"No—thanks," the other recovered himself with an effort. "But I don't think, after all, I can wait to see Sir Geoffrey. I—will write. I am leaving England," he said, with an obvious effort, "and it is unlikely we shall ever meet again Will you shake hands?" And Dick, obeying some strange impulse, grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

He accompanied his strange visitor to the hall door and opened it. The snow was falling very fast now. For one moment the man stood bareheaded on the steps. "Good-by, good-by," he murmured, but he did not look at Dick. He seemed rather to be talking to some one unseen. At the foot of the steps he paused, a solitary black figure in a white world.

"John Forsyth is dead, dead." The words came to Charteris with an intensity that was very solemn.

Feeling an odd sensation of uneasiness, Dick went back to the warm and cheerful smoking-room. He piled up the logs in the grate and glanced half expectantly round the room. Something white lay under the chair where his late visitor had been sitting. He picked it up. Only a half-torn envelope, addressed to "John Forsyth, Esq." He rang the bell violently. "The gentleman would not wait to see Sir Geoffrey, after all," he said carelessly to the servant. "Did—did he leave his name with you, Hilton?"

"No, sir."

As the door closed on the man Dick Charteris knelt down and thrust the envelope into the heart of the blazing fire.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

SCARED BY MARCONI FLASH.

Life-Saving Men Witness a Wonderful Electrical Display.

Some of the life-saving men at the Cahoons Hollow life-saving station, about a mile or so from the Marconi station, thought the devil and all his imps had gone on a bender about the time the message to the British king was being sent, says the Boston Globe.

One of the life patrols was at the time pacing along the edge of the high sand bluff near the station when he was startled by a furious fusillade and a series of brilliant coruscations from the wires of the tower tops. The explosions, he vows, were as loud as a small yacht cannon, and one of the sparks sent out in the air went like a blazing bird for more than a quarter of a mile and perched on the apex of a telephone pole.

"For ez much as a minnit," he said, when telling of what he saw to a group of citizens at the railway station the other evening, "that blamed streak of fire sot on that pole and blazed, en you ken bet that it made me feel creepy. The air seemed ter be full of 'em, en they twisted en squirmed en shot this way en that, like things yer see at a display of fireworks."

The blazing sparks on the pole top, the air full of darting tongues of flame and the volley firing of the machinery were reported by the patrol to the captain of the life-saving station. They were not much disturbed by the report of gunlike noises, but when they heard of a spark the size of a woodcock flying about in the air, and of the big blazing visitant to one of the poles upon which is strung the government telephone wire to the station, all hands gave the vicinity of the telephone instruments in the office plenty of room.

After breakfast next morning there was a knock at the door of the Marconi company cottage. The caller was one of the life-savers from the Cahoons Hollow with a message from the captain of the station to Marconi asking if there were any danger likely to occur from working the government telephone while the wireless telegraph machinery was in operation.

He told of the spark that took such a long flight and finally rested on the pole, and honestly confessed that it gave him considerable concern. Marconi was a bit amused by the commotion caused among the few who saw the electrical display and explained to the messenger that there was nothing to fear and he added, too, that though the telephone line runs within a few hundred yards of the station, the influence of the wireless currents would not interrupt business on the wire lines.

THE MODERN CENSUS.

"A Decennial Snap Shot at the Nation for the Benefit of All Time."

Since 1790 the area of the United States has increased from 827,844 to 3,622,933 square miles; the number of counties has increased from 307 to 2,867; and the total population has increased from 3,929,214 to 76,303,387, or nineteenfold. There are four States each possessing, in 1900, a population greater than that of the entire nation in 1790, at which time two of the four were an untrodden wilderness. The number of cities with a population of 8,000 or over has increased from 6 to 546, and the number with a population of 25,000 or over from 2 to 161. There are now 38 cities having a population exceeding 100,000, and three of these have over 1,000,000 each. In 1900 the record of capital, wages, and value of products of manufactures rises to figures almost beyond comprehension. The capital invested was $9,846,628,564; the salaries and wages paid amounted to $2,735,430,848; and the value of products was $13,039,279,566. In agriculture the figures are almost equally impressive. The total value of farms in 1900 was $16,674,690,247, and that of agricultural products in 1899, $4,739,118,752. To gather and collate such stupendous figures, not only with accuracy, but so swiftly that the record of population in 1900 appeared as quickly as did the little report of the first census, was a task of the first magnitude. It was indeed an evolution.

Such is the modern census. It is a decennial snap shot of the nation for the benefit of all time. Patrick Henry declared that there was but one lamp by which his feet were guided—Experience. But so important has the study of facts become that statistics presenting the facts analyzed and classified is the lamp which guides the statesman and the student of to-day.—From Director W. R. Merriam's "The Evolution of Census Taking," in Century.

Not Concerned.

"Why don't you try to hand an honored name down to posterity?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "Maybe I don't look far enough ahead. So long as my signature is honored at the bank I can't see that my credit with posterity makes much difference."—Washington Star.

Cause for Rejoicing.

Bix—Does your wife play the piano?

Dix—No.

Bix—Does she play any musical instrument?

Dix—None whatever.

Bix—That's good. You ought to be proud of her accomplishments.

NEW COAST DEFENSE BATTERY RECENTLY INVENTED

The patent office at Washington has just granted the right of patent to Anson Phelps Stokes for a floating coast defense battery, which the noted philanthropist has designed. The fact that Mr. Stokes' claim to fame rests on his kindly and benevolent nature makes his efforts to invent a deadly war machine seem incongruous.

The Stokes battery, when viewed from the shore, will present an appearance similar to the upper third of a huge submerged sphere. The machine is to be globular in shape and

THE STOKES FLOATING BATTERY.

will be protected by the heaviest armor that can be made. It will contain but one gun, but that one will be of immense size and destructive power, and it will be immovably fixed. To depress or elevate the muzzle the trim of the firing side of the battery itself will be raised or lowered by changing movable ballast. The Stokes battery will be propelled by a launch, which will be taken inside when the machine is once in position.

It is believed that the spherical shape of the vessel will make it practically impregnable and that torpedoes or other missiles hurled against it will be deflected by the non-resistence of the globular target presented.

Dog Stopped Talking.

An old but still droll story is narrated of a talking dog to which the power of speech was seemingly given by the art of a ventriloquist. The dog and his master arrived at a hotel, the latter with only a quarter of a dollar in his pocket.

"Well, what will you have?" asked the proprietor.

"I'll take a little whisky," said the ventriloquist, and then, turning to the dog, he asked: "What will you have?"

"I'll take a ham sandwich," was the dog's reply.

The hotelkeeper was breathless for a moment from astonishment. He stared at the dog in amazement.

"What did you say?" he asked it.

"I said a ham sandwich."

The proprietor was so impressed by the unheard-of phenomenon of a talking dog that in the end he offered to buy it.

"Oh," said the ventriloquist, "I wouldn't sell him at any price, but if you'll lend me $30 I'll leave him with you till I bring back the money."

To this the hotelkeeper agreed, thinking he would have some fun with his friends and neighbors. Everything was settled and the money paid. As the ventriloquist went out he turned and waved his hand to the dog.

"Well, good-by, Jack!" he said. "I'll come back soon."

"You mean brute, to sell me for $30, after all I've done for you!" answered the dog. "I'll never speak another word as long as I live!" And he didn't. —New York Weekly.

Brother Dickey Overdid It.

"I declar'," said Brother Dickey, "I got ter be mo' keerful in future—I sho' has!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Well, suh, I whirled in en prayed fer rain des two hours en a half, en bless God, dey come a regular deluge, dat come mighty nigh drownin' de bes' mule I had. Providence is so partial ter me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Patriotic Confidence.

"Then you don't share the apprehensions which some people have expressed concerning this country's future?"

"Certainly not," answered Senator Sorghum. "Me and the trusts have too much money invested in this country to let anything very serious happen to it."—Washington Star.

Testing Soils.

The bureau of soils of the Agricultural Department now has a force of over 100 persons, seventy-five of whom have had a scientific training. Its object is to show the conditions and resources of the soils of the country and to give the people precise and accurate knowledge regarding the possibilities of each kind of soil.

Again Mystified.

"I'm sure I don't quite understand it, Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"What don't you understand?"

"Why people insist on calling the horse man's truest friend after what he does to people at the race track." —Washington Star.

One Thing After Another.

Mrs. Subbubs—"Oh, John, our hyacinths and tulips are beginning to show their leaves."

Mr. Subbubs—"And that means grass and lawn mowers. Gee whizz! woman, you're forever reminding me of something unpleasant."—Philadelphia Press.

Ready to Learn the Lesson.

Old Matron (solemnly)—You'll find out some day, my girl, what married life really is.

Elderly Daughter (with a sigh)—Lord, I hope so.—New York Evening Sun.

The most thankless task is to be a mother; after that it is to be a father, and after that it is to be a preacher.

INSANITY HAS ITS ZONES.

New England and California Are Centers of Mental Derangement.

In a recent lecture delivered before the National Geographical Society at Washington Dr. William A. White, director of the Binghamton branch of the New York insane asylum, devoted much attention to the geographical distribution of insanity. At the outset of his lecture Dr. White produced certain facts and figures showing that beyond a doubt insanity was increasing much more rapidly than the population. The cause of this, he said, was due to heredity; that is to say, the unrestricted marrying of those tainted with insanity, and to the fact of this country being the dumping ground for the trash of Europe. In support of his latter assertion he quoted figures showing that 25 per cent of the 25,000 insane persons confined in New York asylums were of foreign birth.

Insanity was most prevalent, he stated, in regions where competition was strongest and where the struggle for existence raged the fiercest. Thus the two great centers of insanity in the United States were, he said, New England, where there is one insane person for every 335 inhabitants, and California, where there is one lunatic for every 380 people.

The region of least insanity, he stated, was that section of the West from the Rockies to the Mississippi, comprising the great agricultural and stock-raising belt. He showed that insanity was unknown among the Indians, and almost so among the Southern negroes, although in the North, where the negro comes in competition with white labor, his suicide rate runs to a high point.

Dr. White presented some figures which seem to indicate that of all occupations that of agriculture is the least liable to produce insanity. The population of mining and lumber camps had a relatively high rate of insanity, whereas in all farming sections it was exceedingly low.

In conclusion, he stated that the principal causes and agents of insanity were alcoholism, mental worry, despair, disappointment and all the other pains that afflict the mind in a highly civilized state, where the struggle for existence is sharp and pitiless.

NO DOGS FOR LIBERIA.

Emigrants Failed to Secure Government Permits in Time.

Great was the sorrow of a p of negroes from Irwin County, Georgia, when they had to part from their dogs the other day. The White Star pier resounded with their wailings. The howls of the dogs added to the outburst.

"How can we get along without dogs in Liberia?" was the plaintive query of one of the men. There were fifty-four persons in the party—thirty-two men, twelve women and ten children—bound for the African lan ' of promise. They had two bloodhounds and two "powerful fine coon dogs." But when they trooped aboard the Teutonic the man at the head of the gang plank said "Get out!" to the dogs.

"They're ours," said the leader of the emigrants. He was pained to learn that his ticket didn't include dogs, says the New York Press. He was told he must get a government permit before the dogs could be received at an English port. He communicated that fact to his companions and then the sounds of sorrow arose.

"Them bloodhounds has followed a scent fifty miles," moaned George Scott. But, under orders, he tied the dogs in the waiting-room. When the Tuetonic left her pier the animals strained at their ropes, but couldn't break them, and their masters and mistresses soon were far away.

"Pity they couldn't take the coon dogs with them," said a pier hand. "There'll be great sport in Liberia. I hear it's full of coons."

"Unauthorized."

It was in the state department of a great monarchy.

A messenger had just arrived with dispatches.

The frowning monarch glanced angrily over them and threw them aside.

"Nothing doing," he remarked.

Then he hurriedly wrote a few words on a paper and handed it to the messenger.

"Get that off at once, and be blankety-blanked quick about it," he remarked.

The messenger glanced at the written words as soon as he was out of the room.

Which is a way with messengers.

The message was as follows:

"If you don't do some unauthorized bombarding right away I'll fire the last limb of you. Get busy."—Baltimore American.

Cost of Colonies to France.

France spends annually for her colonies a little more than $25,000,000, while the aggregate of its business with them, export and import, is but $62,000,000, and but 4,000 a year emigrate to French colonies. But France has not been the least successful country in building a colonial empire, for Germany's geographically large possessions cost more than the aggregate of the exports and imports from them.

Not Worth Such Outlay.

"There goes my pearl necklace into the wash basin and down into the trap! Send for the plumber at once, my dear."

"I guess not! Not for one pearl necklace!"—Life.

Hardest Kind of Work.

"Oh, come, Carl! You know we must make these calls."

"Can't do it, Clara; have to work."

"Heavens! Don't you call that work?"—Life.

HAVE A LOOK!

"In target practice with a six-inch gun the Iowa scored 30 hits and no misses."—News Item.

A SONG FOR THE WEARY.

Life is but a world of battles;
You must fight them would you win;
With the idleness that prattles,
Victory has never been;
Then why should you be complaining
If in one attempt you fail?
Each endeavor gives you training,
Till at last you shall prevail.

Nuggets of success are lying
Underneath life's rugged road;
Dig and dig, and keep on trying
Till you strike the precious lode.
Skies above you will be bluer
As along the way you tread,
Friends around you will be truer,
So be brave and go ahead.

Time is fleeting, so be doing
Any task there is for you;
You are stronger, while accruing
Gain of good and wisdom, too.
Be not with the drones and shirkers,
As through life they idly stroll;
Victory belongs to workers,
Strive and you will reach the goal.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An April Shower

IT was all so absurdly trivial. In fact, she had almost forgotten what it was about.

They had quarreled before, lots of times, and over more serious matters, but they had always made it up again directly afterward until now.

Now she came to think of it, it was always she who had begun the quarrel and he who had begun the making up.

And quite right, too, she said to herself. When he proposed to her he had told her that he worshiped her; that he was her slave till death; that for her sake he was ready to go through fire and water. She had only to command, and he would obey.

Very well, then; she had taken him at his word. She had commanded and he had obeyed—until now.

She had never asked him to go through fire and water for her. No, she was much too reasonable for that. She had never demanded the impossible. The things she had expected him to do were all quite simple and easy.

"I wouldn't order George about quite so much if I were you, Kate," her sister had said to her the other day.

"What do you mean?" she asked in amazement.

"Well, I don't exactly know how to explain it," said Em. "You know you're quite a pleasant, easy-going sort of person, generally speaking, but with George you're a perfect tyrant. I sometimes wonder why he puts up with you."

"You don't understand," returned Kate, loftily. "When a man is in love with his wife it is the greatest pleasure and privilege in the world for him to do her bidding."

"Even if it makes him look like a fool?" asked Em, whereupon Kate preserved a dignified silence.

Of course, Em had never been married, never been engaged even, and consequently knew nothing about the feelings of people in love.

Yet, somehow, those words of Em's rankled.

She thought of them now, as she stole into the garden, where George had taken refuge after dinner.

She knew where she could find him. He was sitting in his favorite place, under the old apple tree at the back of the lawn, unconscious of her presence.

Noiselessly she stole up behind him, and stood watching him, as he moodily puffed at his pipe.

A ladybird had dropped from some overhanging bough, and was crawling slowly up his back in the direction of his collar.

Had she really made George look like a fool? And did he mind looking a fool—for her sake? Surely the ideal, the perfect husband should shrink from nothing, not even ridicule, incurred in his wife's service. And yet—and yet—no man likes to be made to look like a fool. It isn't in human nature.

Thoughtfully she stared at the ladybird, as it made its slow, laborious journey across George's light coat.

After all, perhaps, she had expected him to do a little too much fetching and carrying, and all that sort of thing.

Of course, man should wait on woman. That was perfectly right and proper, but—there are limits to everything.

Was George beginning to recognize this? Was that the reason why he had not been as ready as usual to patch up their last little squabble?

Now she came to think of it, she remembered how the squabble had originated.

She had commissioned him to get a certain back number of an illustrated paper that contained a portrait which she had admired.

The offices of the paper were in Fleet street, and George had an office in Holborn, so that it would have been the easiest thing in the world for him to get that paper. But no, he had simply forgotten all about it. He had had a busy, harassing day, he said. He was awfully sorry, and he would be sure to remember to-morrow.

Now, she had particularly wanted the paper that very day, but what upset her most was not so much the want of the paper, as the fact that he should have forgotten to fulfill a wish of hers.

His business worries had, for the time, obliterated the remembrance of her! The thought was unendurable. She had told him so, and that is how the squabble had begun.

The ladybird had by this time reached the rim of George's coat collar.

Well, certainly he had been looking rather worried lately. Perhaps it was a little unfair to expect him to devote his entire thoughts to her and and her wishes.

She began to remember a hundred petty tyrannies which she had exercised and to which he had submitted patiently.

Harmless little tyrannies, most of them but quite unnecessary, too—tyrannies she had practiced simply because she loved to see him at her feet.

She remembered reading somewhere once that the true secret of married happiness was the principle of "give and take."

The woman, as well as the man, must be prepared to give and take. Up to the present he had done all the giving, she all the taking.

How blind, how selfish she had been! She saw it all now.

Why, why should the man be always on his knees to the woman? Why should she be the queen, and he the slave? She had never questioned her right until now, and she could find no reasonable title to the claim.

Surely the woman who loves her husband should be as ready to serve as to be served. There could be no question of commanding or obeying on either side.

The ladybird was balancing itself in a reckless manner on the edge of George's white collar. If he moved his head ever so slightly, the tiny thing would inevitably be crushed.

In the midst of her remorse she was seized with a sudden solicitude for the ladybird.

Stepping up behind George, she flicked it lightly and dexterously from his collar.

He felt the gentle touch and turned his head in surprise.

The next moment a pair of soft arms were flung about his neck, a hot cheek laid caressingly against his own.

"George, I want to make it up," she whispered, "and—and there's such a lot I want to say to you."

When she had said it, with her pretty head very close to his, he turned to her with a glad smile.

"I'm the proudest, happiest man in the world to-day," he said. "I didn't realize until this moment what a sensible little woman I had married. Don't think, dearest," he added, hastily, "that I ever regretted the vows I made to you when I asked you to be my wife. There is nothing I wouldn't willingly do for you. It was only when I found that my love was in danger of spoiling you that I began to resent the—the——"

"The horrible tyrannies I practiced upon you," she interrupted quickly. "George, what a selfish little wretch I've been!"—Indianapolis Sun.

THE OLD WASHINGTON ESTATE.

Grounds Much Less Extensive Than They Were Originally.

"Speaking of antique furniture," said Maj. Robert Washington of Westmoreland county, Virginia, in the Washington Star, "reminds me that my sister, Mrs. James Wilson, of Pope's creek, and who resides only a few rods from the spot on which Gen. Washington was born, owns a mahogany table on which Robert Fulton was in the habit of showing his plans for the first steamboat to my father, Augustus Washington, who at the time was a resident of Georgetown. The table is of medium size and was willed by my father to its present owner.

"My sister and I reside on the original Washington estate. The latter is greatly reduced in extent from what it was over 100 years ago. The family burial ground is located on Brydge's creek, at the outlet of which the first Washingtons settled. The remains of the fatner of Gen. Washington are buried at Brydge's creek. Originally there was a vault in the cemetery, which fell into decay; so much so that many acts of vandalism took place and the heirs decided to pull it down and reinter the remains of those persons which had been placed in it.

"There are quite a number of persons in Westmoreland and Caroline counties named Washington unrelated to my branch of the family, although their descendants, like my own, came from England. A Dr. Washington of Caroline county married one of my sisters, but that is the only relationship he bears to me. My wife is a granddaughter of William Wirt, ex-attorney-general, and who prosecuted, on the part of the federal government, Aaron Burr for conspiracy. The father of the chief justice who sat in the case, Col. Tom Marshall, was a native of Westmoreland county and the chief justice himself narrowly escaped being also a native of the county, as he was born only a few months after his father moved to Fauquier."

"Send by Inclosed Girl."

An East Side druggist is preparing a unique scrap book. It contains the written orders of some customers of foreign birth, and these orders are both curious and amusing. Here are some that are copied from the originals:

"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"Dear Docther, ples gif bearer five sense worth of Auntie Toxyn for garle baby's throat and obleage."

"My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the inclosed girl."

"This child is my little girl. I send you five cent to buy two sitless powders for a groan up adult who is sike."

"You will please give the lettle boi five cents' worth of epecac for to throw up in a five months old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick."

"I haf a hot time in my insides and wich I wood like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The inclosed money is the price of the extinguisher. Hurry pleas."—New York Press.

Inscription on a Fireplace.

William Glackens, the illustrator, was describing the other day a quaint house that he had recently visited in Mamaroneck. He said that the fireplace was 209 years old, a very admirable specimen of black oak carving, and that it had set in it an unrhymed couplet of a later date over which the visitor was wont to puzzle. The lines read:

If the B mt put:
If the B . putting:

The lines mean:

If the grate be empty, put coal on.
If the grate be full stop putting coal on.

INTERURBAN ELECTRIC RAILROADS IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

ONLY about fifteen years ago, when the electric car began a timid assault on the immediate suburbs of large cities, it was always considered doubtful whether it would ever successfully bring people of small towns to become regular travelers if it ventured on interurban work. No such fears now haunt the minds of those who are promoting trolley car enterprises. From every part of the United States is coming a steady demand for interurban electric service. Municipalities so small as to be able to find their way onto the maps only by sufferance are demanding connection with larger centers and their citizens are coming to the front with such pledges of support that they will not have to wait long before they are satisfied.

Among the smaller towns and cities of the United States people are beginning to realize more and more that isolation means neither superiority nor comfort. There is a constantly growing desire to join hands with other localities, to be enabled at all times to come into actual physical contact with the people of other centers of population, and to establish not only interurban communication by means of telephone service, but through a system of travel that shall be pleasant, easy of access and inexpensive.

This sentiment is increasing every day. To satisfy it the electric trolley car has begun its march away from the great cities, and its advent into new neighborhoods is being welcomed with every demonstration of delight. It is invading the mountains, the lakes, the prairies; establishing rapid transit between villages, towns and cities, bringing the people of different counties in daily and hourly touch with one another, and creating for itself a wonderful sphere of usefulness.

It has no fear of competition, even when it saucily whizzes along past towns already well provided with steam transportation, for it invariably gets its share of the business, and, more remarkable still, opens up an entirely new traffic of its own that never could have existed without its coming.

Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio are pushing the building of these electric roads in a manner almost beyond belief of those to whose notice this subject is brought for the first time. In Illinois alone from fifty to sixty million dollars is now being spent in construction and maintenance of interurban roads and half as much again is being gathered for new construction already planned. The people of every locality in the State seem to have awakened within the past three years to the great value of service of this character, and every month towns are being placed within an hour's distance of one another that formerly were as far apart as if they had been separated by hundreds of miles.

The interurban electric car of to-day and the roadbed on which it runs are splendidly equipped. The cars make from thirty to fifty miles an hour and are fitted with the most modern air brake appliances and lighting and heating systems. The roadbed is often as substantial and as carefully constructed as those of the best steam road service, and continuous sprinkling service in summer and snowplow service in winter keep it free from the annoying conditions so often met with on routes of steam travel.

One of the valuable considerations that has turned the attention of country towns to the great value to their people of interurban trolley connections has come through the almost impassable condition of the country roads at certain times of the year. With the electric car running at stated intervals and connecting farming communities with main centers of population at all times, irrespective of weather conditions, they are able to assure themselves of steady delivery of their produce where it can command the best rates.

TWELVE INSECT PESTS THAT COST UNCLE SAM $358,000,000 ANNUALLY.

TWELVE insects will cost the United States $350,000,000 this year. The chinchbug will draw $100,000,000 of this amount, the grasshopper will take $90,000,000 and the hessian fly will call for at least $50,000,000 more. Three worms that attack the cotton plant will assess the farmers for a total of $60,000,000 and the potato bug will eat $8,000,000 worth of its favorite kind of garden produce. Ten millions of dollars is a moderate estimate of the injury that will be done by the apple worm, and the caterpillar that makes cabbages its specialty will destroy $5,000,000 worth of crisp green heads.

The estimate, which is conservative and under the mark, is as follows:

Chinchbug	$100,000,000
Grasshopper	90,000,000
Hessian fly	50,000,000
Potato bug	8,000,000
San Jose scale	10,000,000
Grain weevil	10,000,000
Apple worm	10,000,000
Army worm	15,000,000
Cabbage worm	5,000,000
Boll weevil (cotton)	20,000,000
Boll worm (cotton)	25,000,000
Cotton worm	15,000,000
Total	$358,000,000

How absurd it seems that the United States government, with an army of 65,000 men, 254 warships and more money in the treasury than any nation has ever before possessed, should be helpless in a fight against twelve objectionable bugs!

Yet such is the fact. The individual bug is small, but its "strong hold" is its tremendous power of reproduction. What is to be done in conflict with an adversary which is capable of having a billion descendants in a summer? In conflict with such an enemy Uncle Sam finds himself in much the same situation as that of Gulliver when he discovered that he was at the mercy of the Liliputians.

MISSIONARY ON RACE SUICIDE.

Rev. Dr. Ryder of Opinion that Americans Are Not Decreasing.

Rev. Dr. C. J. Ryder, secretary of the American Missionary Association, alluding to recent alarming views of the daily press and the weekly religious journals with regard to the decrease of native population in the United States, says:

"Even our President called attention to this danger. The disaster which threatened the nation on account of the vast flood of foreign immigrants, and the fact that American people were dying out, have presented serious considerations. Careful compilation, however, of the statistics does not sustain this view. The twelfth census shows that the birth rate in the United States is slightly larger in the decennial period 1890 to 1900 than in that of 1880 to 1890. Another interesting feature is that the greatest increase occurred in the northeastern group of the States, including New England. This, again, is contrary to a preconceived opinion. It has been assumed that, especially in New England, the birth rate—and so the native population—was decreasing. These facts show that the great problem is still among the dependent people in our own land, and does not arise from the rapid increase of foreigners. The birth rate among the negroes is vastly larger than that among the whites. The national problem still abides in the South land, and is that of the Christian education and elevation of the colored people."

MODERN ENGINEERING FEATS.

Recent Work in Australia Has Been of Value to Gold Fields.

An unparalleled engineering feat has recently been achieved in Australia of immense value to the gold fields. The Coolgardie water scheme is to Australia what the famous Assuan dam is to Egypt. The remarkable feat of pumping 6,000,000 gallons of water a day for a distance of 350 miles, from the Helena River to Kalgoorlie, has been accomplished by English engineers by means of a great dam, called the Mundaring weir, ninety feet high, constructed across the Helena River twenty miles from Perth. The reservoir capacity is about 5,000,000,000 gallons. There are a number of auxiliary reservoirs and pumping stations along the thirty-inch steel water main which runs along the railroad line to the goldfields—the "richest square mile of earth on the globe"—near Kilgoorlie. The only foreign enterprise of equal importance is the Simplon tunnel, the great burrow which will make Switzerland and Italy next-door neighbors. In a short time Pullman trains will pass through the Simplon Alps in a few minutes, 7,000 feet under the snow-covered diligence road which Napoleon Bonaparte built a hundred years ago and which takes about ten hours to traverse in favorable weather. This tremendous rathole, which passes under Lake Avino, will cost the Jura-Simplon Railroad over $15,000,000.—Collier's Weekly.

He Wanted Specifications.

"There is never any uncertainty where I stand," said the pompous speaker at the ward meeting; "I'm a stalwart!"

Whereupon the little man with a squeaky voice half arose and, putting his hand to his ear, inquired: "What kind of a wart?"—Kansas City Journal.

Appropriately attired: Penelope—How do you like my new automobile costume? Constance—Well, you certainly looked dressed to kill.—Exchange.

If a man could invent something that would really make hair grow, what a fortune he would have!

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1903.

Of all the periodicals that come to our desk we like Sunset best. The May number is an improvement on a magazine that has been always ideal in its excellence. The initial article on "Tonopah and Its Gold" illustrated is most interesting and timely. Sunset is a California magazine. It is devoted to Pacific Coast interests and is published by the Southern Pacific Company. It should be everybody's magazine in the State.

A Washington dispatch says General Grosvenor of Ohio predicts President Roosevelt's nomination by acclamation in the 1904 convention, and election by a large majority. The dispatch simply affirms something that every one with a particle of discernment has known for months past, something that was well settled before the President began his tour of the country. Like McKinley, Roosevelt will be nominated regardless of the wishes of the corporations and scheming politicians, for the very good reason that the people want and will have it so. The politicians will accept Roosevelt because they cannot defeat him if they would. They will be found in line for the winner as usual.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

Instead of having nominations for the presidency dictated by cliques or factions, let the people directly express their preferences.

This can be readily done if each of our readers who is interested will fill out the coupon on this page and mail it at once to this office. Here is a chance for each and every voter to make his influence felt in the most effective manner.

The result of this plebiscite will be awaited with the keenest interest by the public in general and by politicians of all parties in particular. It is not too much to say that if a heavy vote is cast in this straw ballot it will largely dictate next year's nominations for the presidency and vice-presidency, and settle the extent to which the tariff and the trusts are to figure in the campaign.

Will every person of voting age express his views? It will cost you nothing and you may even win a cash prize of from $1 to $250!

This canvass promises to be one of absorbing interest. The least every reader of the Enterprise can do is to send in his ballot. The more the merrier. People all over the country are thus registering their views. Why not you? Use your power!

CALIFORNIA IS THIRD IN SHIPBUILDING.

It may not be very generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact that California stands in the front rank as a shipbuilding state. During 1902 there were forty-two vessels exclusive of war ships built on the shores of San Francisco and San Pablo bays. This total was equally divided between steam and sail craft. The gross tonnage was 26,226 tons and the net figures were 20,095 tons. On the north and south coasts of the state quite a number of other vessels were built, mostly for the coastwise trade. California stands third in value of new vessels among the shipbuilding states, Pennsylvania being first and New York second.—Sunset Magazine for May.

Alphabetical Significance.

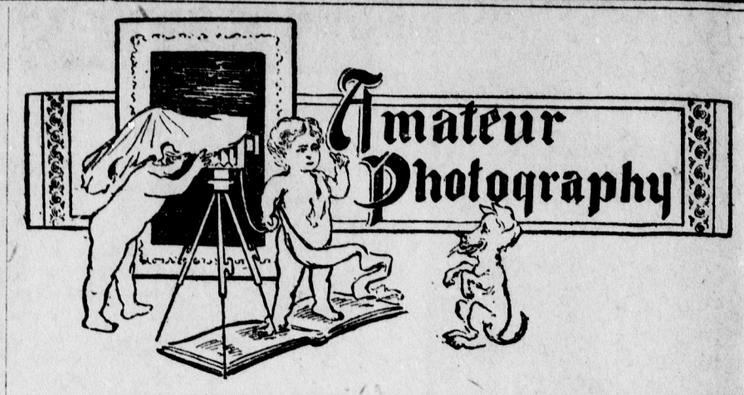
A writer in the Garden has discovered that many of the worst foes of the horticulturist begin with "w," and he instances worms, weevils, wind and other workers of wickedness. This, writes a correspondent, suggests a question as to whether there is any natural grouping of good or evil things under particular letters. Take "b," for example, and consider how many boons and blessings to man begin with it. The baker and butcher bring him bread and beef. For additional foods he has bacon, beans, bovril, bloaters, broccoli, broth, bivalves, bananas, berries, biscuits, buns and butter. After a banquet of bonnes bouches he may bring out his brier and blow his baccy while he bestrides his bicycle. These are but a few of the beneficent things included under that blessed letter "b." Now, as a contrast, take "d," and among the first words we think of are damp, dark, dreary, dismal, dirty, depressed, despairing and so on, the very sound of which is enough to drive one into doleful dumps.

George's Kind Permission.

"Mary," her father called downstairs, "just ask your man if he doesn't think it's pretty near bedtime!"

"Yes, papa," replied the sweet girl, after a pause. "George says if you're sleepy go to bed, by all means."—Toledo Bee.

Avoid greatness. In a cottage there may be found more real happiness than kings or their favorites enjoy in palaces.—Horace.



An otherwise careful worker will not reap the full benefit of his care unless he sees that his graduates, trays, stirring rods, bottles, benches and dark room are scrupulously clean. It pays to be oldmaidish in matters of this kind. When you get through developing, fixing, washing, toning, intensifying or reducing, pour the solutions back into their respective bottles and thoroughly wash all trays, etc., before putting them away for future use. This is the proper time to do these things—when you get through using them. If you put fresh developer in a tray or graduate still uncleansed from old or different solutions, the new bath will contain chemicals of a nature or in a condition which will materially change its composition. This is directly opposed to the very point I am trying to impress upon you, to wit, the need of knowing just what your developer contains. Another thing, I have found that you cannot wash your hands too often when handling photographic solutions. Every time my fingers touch a solution, no matter if this occurs fifty times in an hour, I have formed the habit of dipping them in clean water and wiping them on a towel which I keep handy for the purpose. This is nothing but a habit, but it is certainly a good one.—Camera and Dark Room.

Painting photographs with a glossy surface, such as albumen or ordinary gelatino-chloride prints, is a matter of some difficulty; if water colors be used, the difficulty may be overcome by wetting the brush, instead of with water, with the following solution: Albumen, 6 drams; water and glycerine, 1½ drams each; ammonium carbonate, 15 grains; ammonia, 1 drop. If oil colors are to be used, it is a good plan to coat the print with a mixture of gelatine and gum arabic before applying the colors. Many use weak fish glue solution also, preserved with formalin.—Photo-American.

Yellow fog appears frequently if pyrogallic acid is used as a developer, particularly with underexposed or forced development. To avoid the same, put the negative, after development, but before fixing, in a bath consisting of 6 grams citric acid, 12 grams chrome-alum, to 1 liter of water; wash well, and fix as usual. If the yellow fog is not observed until after fixing, wet the negative, and pour some sulpho-hydrate of ammonium over it, until the yellow fog has disappeared. The only disagreeable part of the latter manipulation is the bad odor of the liquid.—Photographic Times.

LONDON'S J. PIERPONT MORGAN

Young Man of 34 at the Head of the Great Morgan Banking House.

Many persons in this country overlook the fact that there is a J. Pierpont Morgan in England as well as in the United States. Nor is this to be wondered at, for J. Pierpont Morgan Jr., is much better known in London, where he has lived for several years, than in New York. The junior Mr. Morgan is said to have inherited his father's great financial ability and in London, where he presides over the Morgan banking house, he is accounted one of the city's most brilliant financiers. Mr. Morgan is now thirty-four years old and is a graduate of Harvard. After leaving college he had the benefit of association with his father in the latter's business affairs and was then selected to go to London to become the chief of the great branch bank of Mr. Morgan.

J. P. MORGAN, JR.

Mr. Morgan, Jr., is married and has four children. His wife was a Miss Grew, of Boston, and the couple live on one of the most fashionable streets in London.

Though welcome to enter society, they do not devote much time to the fads and follies of the smart set, preferring a small circle of friends and hearty and wholesome sport and recreation.

AMERICAN SAILOR AT PLAY.

Has Plenty of Recreation—His Love for Pets.

The sailor's life is not altogether one of hard work, and on the whole he has a very good time, says Lieutenant-Commander Gleave, U. S. N., in World's Work. Dancing, gymnastics, fencing, boxing and boat-racing, fill his leisure hours. His natural fondness for pets is proverbial, and there are few ships without a mascot, be it a goat, dog or Dennis the pig, which serves to lighten the house of the dull watches at sea.

Many stories are told of the prowess of ship's pets at night on the forecastle, when the hammocks are down and the pipes lighted. One man spins a yarn of a cat that was born in an old boiler, cruised 50,000 miles in one ship, established a great reputation as a fighter in all parts of the world, and finally ended his adventurous career on the coral reefs of Samoa. Another tells of a monkey without ears or tail, with which he sailed in the China seas, whose fondness for liquid paint produced periodical attacks of blindness.

Then there is a story of a dog who always recognized the bugle call for the gig and invariably ran to the gangway when it sounded, to go ashore in state with the captain. But the best of all is the one of the pet bear who chased the young officer up the mizzen rigging. Fortunate indeed is the animal that falls into the hands of a sailor.

"The sailor-man has his vagaries," once said the present bishop of Shanghai, over the coffin of a sailor who had taken his own life, "but he is the tenderest-hearted creature into which God ever breathed the breath of life."

MANNERS OF CHILDREN.

Boston States the Case in the Bay State—Maryland Replies.

A Boston woman, described in the dispatches as "wealthy and prominent," has created a sensation by asserting that "the children of the present generation are shockingly ill bred and disagreeable." It seems that she has been the guest of many of "the first families of Massachusetts," and her criticisms are based upon her personal observations in the home of the Bay State elite. Children, she says, are left too much in the company of servants while their mothers are enjoying social pleasures. This plain-spoken lady is an advocate of "sound thrashings" for spoiled children. "Fathers and mothers, she observes, "ruin their children with kindness. A few good lessons and a sound whipping now and then, showing you are master of the situation, would help them immensely in after years, when you are not here to care for them. Take not impudence from your children—not one word. Show that you are master."

The lady who is the author of this strenuous code is not, as might be imagined, the mother of a family, says the Baltimore Sun. She is an unmarried woman who has never had the care of children. It is usually the case that persons without practical experience in such matters are most ready to give advice. Still, her admonitions to parents are not wholly devoid of wisdom. It is possible that children are not reared as carefully now as they were in other days. They may not receive as much personal attention from parents as should be bestowed on them. Perhaps the manners of children are not as good as they were in past generations. Even if this be true, however, there is no lack now of devoted mothers—women who give themselves entirely to the care of the children. They should not be overlooked by persons who find so much to censure in modern home life.

He Completed His Testimony.

Too tenacious memory sometimes leads to embarrassing situations. In Tit Bits is related the story of a right-of-way case which concerned an ancient footpath over an English estate. The place had passed from an old and respected family into the hands of a rich nobody.

The lawyer who appeared on behalf of the land-owner cross-examined a venerable countryman, who had testified to his own personal knowledge that there had been a right of way over the land ever since he was a boy of five.

"And how old are you?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty-five, sir."

"But surely you can't remember things which occurred when you were a boy of five, eighty years ago?"

"'Deed an' I can, sir," asserted the octogenarian witness. "I can mind a year afore that, when your feyther, sir, 'old Skinflint Garge' us called him——"

"That will do; you may step down," said the lawyer, hastily, as a titter ran round the courtroom.

—"got a walloping from Mother Buncombe——"

"Stand down, sir!" said the lawyer, wrathfully.

—"for chatin' her 2-year-old lass——"

"Do you hear? Stand down!"

—o' a thruppny bit!" concluded the venerable witness, triumphantly, as he slowly left the box.

Depended on the Amount.

Judge (to witness)—You say you have known the prisoner all your life?

Witness—Yes, your honor.

Judge—Now, in your opinion, do you think he could be guilty of stealing this money?

Witness—How much was it?—Tit-Bits.

Inappropriate.

"That's the Bessie B. She's a tramp steamer."

"The idea! Isn't it ridiculous to call a steamer a tramp?"

"Why?"

"Because a steamer takes naturally to water!"—Philadelphia Press.

CAPTAIN OF A BATTLESHIP.

Autocrat Who Rules Great Craft Has Appalling Responsibility.

Over the vast establishment rules the captain in supreme and isolated authority, says Lieutenant-Commander Greaves, U. S. N., in the World's Work. All his accomplishments must be those of the seamen, for he directs the movements of the ship in all evolutions, and his decision upon all professional points is final. His responsibility at all times is grave and exacting. In time of war it will strain the stoutest nerves; in the hour of battle it is nothing short of appalling, when he stands alone in his conning-tower, having control of all the tremendous forces lying latent in his ship only to be released at the proper moment by a touch of his hand.

He is the guiding spirit of an enormous projectile of 15,000 tons that rushes through the water at a speed, it may be, of fifteen knots, and he knows that the slightest mistake of his head or heart may mean a national disaster.

But besides being the naval and military chief of the establishment, he is a lawyer—a kind of justice of the peace, as it were, who holds court every morning, investigates reports of misdemeanors and assigns punishment to the guilty. The delinquents are brought to the "mast"—the quarterdeck—with their accusers. Both sides are heard and swift judgment usually follows. In this capacity it will be noted that the captain is court, judge and jury. Not infrequently he acts as clergyman, and as such is the bishop of the diocese, acknowledging no ecclesiastical superior, reading the services on Sundays, officiating at the burial of his dead, in the old days, occasionally marrying lovers.

He always messes alone. His generous quarters are entirely separate from those of the other officers, and at the door of his cabin stands a marine sentry day and night, and none may enter without first being formally announced. When he comes on deck to leave the ship in uniform, or when he comes on board, he is escorted to the side by the executive officer and officer of the deck, the guard is paraded, four boys attend at the gangway, the bugler sounds the silence and every one on deck stands at attention as the boatswain pipes him cheerily over the side.

A COBBLESTONE CHURCH.

The Unusual Edifice Built by the Elmhurst Baptists.

Built of cobblestones and on lines suggested by an old monastery of feudal times the new Baptist church at Elmhurst, L. I., is one of the most novel bits of church architecture in the land. While yet undedicated and unfinished as far as the interior work is concerned, the outside walls of the building have an aged appearance that contrasts strangely with the new spick and span cottages on all sides.

THE COBBLESTONE CHURCH.

It is fifty years since a Baptist congregation existed in the vicinity of Elmhurst, which was formerly the old village of Newtown. Following the close of the Civil war the Baptist society in that village dissolved and two years ago the Rev. William J. Noble, a graduate of Brown University, organized a new society and set about the erection of the present church.

MAKING BOWLING BALLS.

Hardest Wood Known Comes From the Central American Forests.

The popularity of bowling has grown to such an extent in all parts of the United States that the manufacture of bowling balls, pins and alleys has become an industry which gives employment to thousands of workmen. While the work of constructing the alleys does not require any great amount of ingenuity it is in the shaping and modeling of bowling balls that great skill and careful workmanship are required.

Bowling balls are made almost exclusively out of a wood from the West Indies and Central American countries known as lignum-vitae, one of the hardest woods known, says the Philadelphia Press. There are several agents in these countries buying up this wood all the year round. It is shipped in the rough for the factory in chunks about four to six feet in length and varying in diameter from six to twenty inches.

The logs are put into a specially constructed cylinder and cut into blocks, after which the edges are rounded with a band saw. The rough balls are then turned over to expert mechanics, who, with the aid of turning lathes, gradually plane them down to the required size.

The balls are then smoothed with a sandpaper turner, receive a coat of shellac and oil and are complete, with the exception of the finger holes, which are frequently bored to measure.

When a woman starts in to make money, to show her husband how easy it is, her efforts are always funny.

Smoking In Spain.

In Spain people smoke incessantly under all conditions, at all hours and in all places, except in church. Men smoke in the railway carriages; they smoke in all the tram cars; they smoke in all the minor theaters; they smoke in all the restaurants, in the hotel dining rooms, and, of course, in the cafes. In business offices the merchant and his clerks smoke. In shops the shopman, while trying to sell goods to a lady, will stop to roll a cigarette, which, when lighted, he will puff in her face. You see conductors and drivers of tram cars smoking. All the hackney cabmen smoke all the time, while even coachmen and footmen of private carriages sometimes smoke on the box. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office, the clerk lays down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers all smoke cigarettes all the time.—J. A. Hart in Argonaut.

Why the Editor Skipped.

An editor of a small American paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in the town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper next month. In two weeks the circulation of his newspaper doubled. But when he gave the name of his wife he had to leave town.—Fourth Estate.

Work While You Pray.

A squall caught a party of tourists on a lake in Scotland and threatened to capsize their boat. When it seemed that the crisis had really come, the largest and strongest man in the party, in a state of intense fear, said, "Let us pray." "No, no, my man!" shouted the bluff old boatman. "Let the little man pray. You take an oar!"—Success.

The Hackney on Parade.

How a high bred hackney looks when he is put on exhibition at a big horse show is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine:" It was a very pretty sight presented to the horse experts lining the rail and to persons in boxes and tier seats. They saw a blockily built strawberry roan, his chiseled neck arched in a perfect crest, his rigid thigh muscles rippling under a shiny coat as he swung his hocks, his slim fore legs sweeping up and out, and every curve of his rounded body from the tip of his absurd whisk broom tail to the white snip on the end of his tossing nose expressing that exuberance of spirits, that jaunty abandon of motion, which is the very apex of hackney style. Behind him a short legged groom bounced through the air at the end of the reins, keeping his feet only by means of most amazing strides.

Saving.

More than 500 persons competed for the prizes offered by a Chicago company for the best thoughts on the subject of saving. The man who received the first prize wrote: "Saving produces a peace of mind unknown to him who in time of misfortune must depend on the bounty of his friends. Determine to save, for will power is the prime essential. Deposit regularly. Lay aside some portion of each week's or month's income. Deposit extra and unexpected receipts." It is a short but sound and comprehensive sermon on thrift and enlists in a good cause two forces that sometimes fight on opposite sides—will power and habit.

The Artist's Aim.

Friend—But—er—what's the idea of the work? I don't quite grasp it.

Artist—The idea is to sell it.—Chicago News.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,
South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

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ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

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TOWN NEWS

Baden breezes.

Next Saturday is Memorial Day.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth."

Mr. R. K. Patchell spent Sunday at Morgan Hill.

Ed Schultheis left last week for parts unknown.

Henry Kneese left for Mendocino county last week.

The second of the Plymire cottages is about completed.

For a good fitting shoe and one that will wear go to Kauffmann.

Mrs. Wm. Quan is spending a couple of weeks at Winters, Cal.

Born—In this town, May 15th, to the wife of A. N. Soares, a daughter.

Mrs. Silva of San Bruno paid a visit to Mrs. Joe Beffa of Blenheim last week.

Frank Bastien has repainted and tinted the parlor at the residence of Mr. Miner.

Charley Hedlund has been troubled with an attack of rheumatism the past week.

Wednesday last was Butchers' Day and several of the packing-house employes took a half day off.

A brother of J. M. O'Connor has recently arrived from Australia and thinks of locating here with his family.

The Fire Commissioners have called a meeting for Monday evening, May 25th, for the purpose of organizing a fire hose company.

Chas. Willin, who has been on the sick list for some time past and for a while confined to his bed, is once more able to be up and about.

Mrs. J. Stettler and Miss Woodville of Bouldin Isle were Monday visitors here. Mrs. Stettler was a resident of this place some three years past.

As a result of the series of meetings held by the evangelist Rogers, there is a prospect for the organization of a Methodist Episcopal Church in our growing town.

Andrew Hynding is taking a month's vacation from his arduous labors at the packing house in Baden. He will spend some time in the southern portion of the state.—Times Gazette.

Achilli Cuicci, who was taken to St. Luke's Hospital about one week ago, died Sunday of brain fever. He was a native of Italy aged 26 years and an employe of the Steiger Pottery. Two brothers survive him.

John Foley, who for many years made this place his home, is at present in New York city. John is on a health-seeking as well as a pleasure trip and intends to pay a visit to his mother in Ireland in the near future.

The series of meetings conducted by Evangelist Rogers the past ten days close this evening. A mass meeting will be held at 2 p. m. tomorrow (Sunday) at Hansbrough Block. Rev. Geo. W. Beatty will preach at the Sunday meeting.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Deputy County Clerk M. H. Thompson resigned his position Monday after serving as Clerk and Deputy Clerk respectively for eight years. Claude Fox is filling the place made vacant by Mr. Thompson's resignation. Mr. Thompson has a host of friends who wish him success wherever he may go.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

It is often the case that incident and events transpire in the midst of a community of which the people never dream and which would require occular proof to establish.

Just such a thing has taken place in this town. Few it any of our people know or would they believe that our townsman, J. W. McCuen, holds a diploma from a college of physicians and surgeons, that authorizes him to treat the ills to which flesh is heir. Yet such is the fact. The system of healing of which Mr. McCuen is a graduate is known as "Vitaopathy."

Some ten days ago a man named Charles Olson came out of a city hospital to this place and after a few days feeling strong enough, began work. One day's work was sufficient to prostrate him and bring on his former ailment—lumbago. He was in great agony and called on W. J. McCuen for relief. Mr. McCuen gave him three treatments, at the end of which time Mr. Olson was entirely free from pain and apparently as well as ever in his life, and is well at present. This is one of those wonderful things that occur some times and no one hears of it. Mr. Olson himself has called our attention to this case, and we think it will interest our readers.

ROLL OF HONOR OF SAN BRUNO SCHOOL.

Eighth Grade—George Kauffman, George Kiessling, John Martin, Marion Miner, Eva Russi.

Seventh Grade—Willie Hyland.

Sixth Grade—Julius Bianchi, Lena Eikerenkotter, Arthur Harder, Dan Hyland, Alfred Raspadori, Josie Russi, Martha Willin.

Fifth Grade—Emma Eikerenkotter, Mary Farrell, Dora Harder, Grace Martin.

Fourth Grade—Alma Abeling, Rollie Davis, Hazel Dean, Valentine Dervin, Lizzie Goggin, Hilma Hedlund, Adolph Schenone, Bernice Todt.

Third Grade — Eddie Bergman, James Goggin, Willie Hardy, Martin Hyland, Alfred Inman, Gertrude Karbe, Fern Kiessling, Samuel Kiessling, Inez McGlothlin, Wendell Rice, Joe Raspadori.

Second Grade—Alma Abeling, Joe Crysto, Lizzie Devenchentzi, Maggie Davis, Roy Kellogg, Nellie Lynch, Viola McWilliams, Charlie Martin, George Schenone.

First Grade—Sophie Abeling, Paul Bergman, Marguerite Duer, John Foley, Etienne Forcand, Marie Fourie, Frank Fischer, Martha Klotz, Howell Lloyd, Amelio Luchessi, Redmond McNamara, Walter Money, Hattie Moore, Joseph Mottle, Dela Schenone, Fred Senard.

MARRIED.

In San Rafael, Saturday evening, May 9th, by the Rev. Mr. Ulrich, Mr. A. B. Fanning of San Francisco and Mrs. Frances L. Jackson of San Francisco, formerly of Halfmoon Bay.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern, notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for nor pay any bills that may be incurred by Mrs. Addie Goeppner after this date.

JOHN GOEPPNER.

Dated, South San Francisco, Cal., May 18, 1903.

STOLE BECAUSE HE WAS HUNGRY.

Unfortunate Young Man Driven to Crime by Starvation.

Henry A. Clark, a young man who claims that his age is 18, pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary in the Superior Court yesterday and gave as an excuse for his crime that he was hungry and without funds. Clark stole some carpenters' tools from a house in South San Francisco recently and while in the act of disposing of them in San Francisco was arrested by a detective, to whom he confessed his guilt. In court yesterday Clark again admitted the theft and pleaded starvation in extenuation thereof. Judge Buck is not inclined to send him to the penitentiary and should his character prove good he will be given a light sentence. In the meantime, he will remain at the county jail until the officers have made inquiries regarding him.—Democrat, Redwood City.

THIS "KNOCKER" WAS JAILED.

South City Resident Given a Much-Deserved Punishment.

Louis Hoelsher, a resident of South San Francisco, who is generally regarded as a crank, is sojourning at the county jail for a period of ninety days on a charge of disturbing the peace. Hoelsher has conceived a violent dislike for certain residents of the pork metropolis and has been endeavoring for a long time to even things up by warning people not to come to that city to live. His custom was to go to the terminus of the car line and address the passengers, telling them of the alleged corrupt methods of some of his neighbors. While plying his usual vocation one day last week he became so demonstrative to a lady that she caused Hoelsher's arrest, and Judge Cunningham found him guilty of disturbing the peace and consigned him to the care of Sheriff Mansfield for a period long enough to afford reflection on the folly of his conduct.—Redwood City Democrat.

DEATH OF MARTIN DERVIN.

Death's grim messenger has again visited this little town. On Monday, May 18th, after a lingering illness, departed this life, Martin Dervin, a native of County Roscommon, Ireland, at the age of 21 years, 8 months and 11 days.

The deceased was the beloved brother of Valentine, John, Bernard and Mary Dervin and Mrs. Magill.

The funeral was held from the home of Valentine Dervin at 11 o'clock a. m. of Thursday, May 21st. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

The bereaved family has the sympathy of this entire community.

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Bids for Bridges to Be Received—Court House Plans Not Ready Before June 15th.

An adjourned meeting of the County Board occurred on Monday last—a full board being in attendance and Supervisor Coleman, in the chair.

At the afternoon session McAvoy was absent.

The Auditor's report—laid over from previous meeting, was read, approved and ordered billed.

Practically all claims were allowed as presented.

The ordinance relating to burial of deceased persons in the 1st District was laid over.

Plans and specifications for a concrete bridge at Amesport Landing, 4th Township, were accepted and the Clerk authorized to advertise for bids. Same to be opened June 15th.

Bids were opened to construct an arch and earth fill from bridge in 5th Township. The only bid was from Clark & Henery, $1110 and $10 for each additional cubic yard of cement and 35 cents each additional cubic yard of fill.

An invitation was extended to the Board from the Supervisors of Contra Costa County inviting them to attend the Annual Convention of State Supervisors to be held at Martinez on May 26 to 30 inclusive. The invitation was accepted.

The joint quarterly statements of the Auditor and Treasurer was ordered published in the official paper.

A petition from parties for permit to establish "The Golden Gate Athletic Association," in Colma, at the suggestion of McAvoy, was laid over until he had counseled with his constituents.

Dodge & Dolliver sent a letter to the Board that they would not have the plans ready until June 15. This has relation to the new courthouse.

The Association Oil Co. of San Francisco sent a letter to the Board that they would like to send a representative to them who would enlighten them on the subject of oil for roads.

Supervisor McCracken reported attending a joint meeting of the Supervisors of Santa Clara, Santa Cruz and San Mateo concerning the projected road from Pescadero to the Big Basin. An informal discussion was held but no action was taken because representatives of the Sempervirens Club was absent. On McCracken's motion the further hearing of the viewer report of proposed road from Pescadero to Boulder Creek was continued to June 15th.

Ordinance No. 187, relating to the use of firearms on public highways was accepted and ordered published.

Ordinance No. 187 provides against the unlawful practice of discharging firearms within three hundred yards of any inhabited dwelling house, public road, highway or cemetery within the County of San Mateo.

Sec. 1st says: "No person shall discharge any firearms of any description, etc."

Sec. II says: "Any person violating this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars or more than one hundred dollars or by imprisonment in the County Jail for not more than 100 days, or by both fine and imprisonment.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The May water rate must be paid on or before the last day of May. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of June and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced. *

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

Strength of Eggshells.

Most people are aware of the power of eggshells to resist external pressure on the ends, but not many would credit the results of tests recently made which appear to be genuine. Eight ordinary hen's eggs that were submitted to pressure varied between 400 pounds and 675 pounds per square inch. With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs these gave way at pressures varying between thirty-two pounds and sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen one-thousandths inch.

The Public School.

The public school is generally underestimated and is frequently looked upon with indifference. Its influence cannot be expressed in a few words, but its influence is the lifeblood of the home, the community and the nation. Any ordinary imagination can conjure up a state of affairs that would soon come to pass if the schoolhouse were closed. It is the great sieve into which all the nations of the world are thrown, to be shaken down to the common level of obedience and patriotism.—Schoolmaster.

History Repeating.

Mr. Binks—I don't like the looks of that young man who calls to see Clara.

Mrs. Binks—He looks exactly as you did when you first came to see me.

"Was I any such fool as that?"

"Yes, you were, and yet I married you in spite of all my parents could say, and I am afraid that in spite of all we can say our Clara will now be just as big a fool as I was."

The Novel Reader.

Coddle—Whenever I see you, you are reading a novel. You don't mean to say you remember all of them?

Short—Dear me, no! It's because I don't remember them I like to read them.—Boston Transcript.

How She Felt.

"How do you feel after your ordeal?" asked the fair divorcee's friend as they came down the courthouse steps.

"Feel?" repeated she, with a gurgle of triumph. "I feel completely unmanned!"—Houston Post.

Runs Itself.

"Got a talking machine at home?"

"Yes."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing; married it."—London Tit-Bits.

EVERY one of our readers is entitled to compete for the **ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS** in cash prizes offered by Farm and Home for correct sets of answers to the following question.

Cut out this coupon from The Enterprise, South San Francisco, California, fill in all the blanks, and mail or hand it to The Enterprise, South San Francisco, Cal.

1. Should congress give money for good roads? Answer yes or no.....
2. Should a parcels post be established to carry merchandise at very much less than present rates? Answer yes or no. .....
3. Should government provide a postal fractional currency for use in the mails? Answer yes or no .....
4. Should the tariff be revised? Answer yes or no.....
5. Should trusts be regulated or suppressed? Answer with the word "regulated" or the word "suppressed".....
6. Who should be the republican candidate for president in 1904?.....
7. Who should be the democratic candidate for president in 1904?.....
8. Name any other political party that should make a nomination for the presidency, and the man it should put up.. .....

Sent by.....

Postoffice.....

state.....*Occupation*.....

Date and hour of mailing or handing in this coupon.....

(The time given must conform to postmark or to time stamped hereon at this office when handed in.)

RULES

Anyone of voting age, or who will be such next year is entitled to one vote.

There are no fees, no conditions of any kind.

Simply answer all or any of the questions, as you please, sign your name, address and occupation.

The correct set of answers will be that in which each of the replies is the one that receives a majority of all the votes cast.

First prize, **$250.00** will be awarded to the set of answers earliest mailed or handed in that proves to be correct, judged by this standard. Second prize, **$100 00** for next nearest or next earliest correct set of answers, and so on.

All replies must be sent in by August 1 at latest. The prize award will appear in Farm and Home as soon thereafter as possible. It offers the following

CASH PRIZES

Grand Prize	$250.00
Second Prize	100.00
Third Prize	50.00
Four of $25 each	100.00
Twenty of $10 each	200.00
Twenty of $5 each	100.00
Fifty of $2 each	100.00
197 Prizes in all	$1,000.00

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are more plentiful and selling at easier prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at much lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products higher.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½; 2d quality, 8½@9c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½@8c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6¾@7¼c; Thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 lbs. 6½@6¾c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6@6½c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5; hogs weighing under 140 lbs, 6¼@6½c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4¼@4¾c; Ewes, 3¾@4¼c. Spring Lambs, 5@5½c; shorn Sheep, ½c. less.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7¾@8c; second quality, 7¼@7½c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½@7c; second quality, 6 @ 6½c; third quality, 5½ @ 6c.

VEAL—Large, 7½@8c; medium, 8½@9c; small, good, 9½@10c; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8½@9c; light, 9@9½c; Heavy Ewes, 8 @ 8½c; Light Ewes, 8½ @ 9c; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 9@10c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 10½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¼ @ 15½c; picnic hams, 9¼@10c; Atlanta ham, 11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 17½c; light S. C. bacon, 17c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½c; clear, light bacon, 14½c; clear ex. light bacon, 15c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $. ...; do, hf-bbl, ...; Family Beef, bbl, $. ...; hf-bbl, ...; Extra Mess, bbl, $. ...; do, hf-bbl, ...

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12¼c; Extra Clear, bbls., $22.00; hf-bbls., $11.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls. $5.25; do, kits, ...

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8	8¼	8¼	8⅜	8¾	8⅞
Cal. pure	11	11¼	11¼	11⅜	11¾	11⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

H. G. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

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—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

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A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - $173,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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First-Class Family Resort

SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE ON FAMOUS SAN BRUNO ROAD.

Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.

Table First Class.

Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.

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BADEN SHOE STORE

First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

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All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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Cosmetics for the Complexion and Hair, Fancy Goods, Stationery, Candies, Cigars Etc. Prices reasonable.

Tickle your best One by purchasing a bottle of PERFUME or buy your mother a bottle of "Jeromes' Hair Restorative" for Fifty Cents.

AYRES & COMPANY

WILL NOT MARRY DIVORCEES.

Rev. A. C. Dixon, Boston Baptist, Takes a Decided Stand.

Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon has won the approbation of strict moralists by taking a decided stand in the matter of marrying divorced persons. Dr. Dixon is the pastor of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church and stands high in the esteem of members of that denomination the country over. He says that in two years of his Boston pastorate he has been invited to marry more divorced persons than in the eighteen previous years of his ministry.

REV. DR. DIXON.

"Those who have made these unusual requests," he said, "are not confined to any particular class, and as a matter of fact I might state that most of them have been persons of means. I have not kept any record of the number, but I can recall enough cases to convince me that in two years I have had from fifteen to twenty requests of this character and some of them have been under most peculiar circumstances. Not very long ago I was requested to perform a marriage ceremony at a house within easy walking distance of the church, and that evening I went around, was shown to finely furnished apartments filled with guests, all of them handsomely dressed and apparently waiting for the ceremony to begin. Both man and woman were, perhaps, middle aged. They stepped out side by side, and as the guests formed around them the man handed me a package of papers. I thought it was the marriage license, although it looked rather bulky. Examination showed that the bundle contained both the marriage license and the divorce papers of both man and woman.

"I asked the man if his former wife was still living, and, seemingly, surprised at the question, he answered in the affimative. The woman admitted that her former husband was also living. I refused to marry them."

Dr. Dixon thinks the marriage tie is too lightly regarded and says marriage of divorced persons cannot be happy.

"Not long ago," said Dr. Dixon, "a man and woman, each of whom had secured a divorce and then married, wanted to join the church. I refused to receive them, on the ground that they were living in sin. They protested that they had been legally divorced and legally married, notwithstanding the fact that they had been intimate before the divorce, and I think were divorced so that they could marry. They tried to be admitted to another church and were refused. I told then that if they agreed to separate they might be admitted to church membership, and they considered this proposition, or said they would, but they have not been admitted.

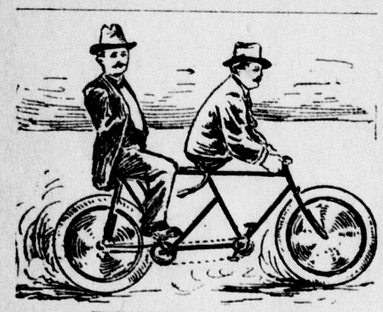
"If it were more generally understood that the church and church members disapprove of marriages of divorced persons whose first husbands or wives are still living the effect would be good. The fact that such persons will apply for church membership shows the impression that has gone abroad."

Dr. Dixon's church has been for years famous for its philanthropic work among the poor. It has a corps of organized workers, who were for years supported largely by the contributions of the late Daniel S. Ford, publisher of the Youth's Companion, and is regarded as one of the most effective institutions of its kind in the country.

EXPERT WHEELMEN ARE SHY OF LIMBS

This is the Buffalo Express, composed of two expert bicycle riders who have but two arms and two legs between them. Notwithstanding this handicap they are able to make a speed on their tandem that would astonish a number of riders who have the full complement of limbs.

The riders are Eli Bowen, who was



THE BUFFALO EXPRESS.

born in Montpelier, O., 61 years ago, and Charles Tripp, of Woodstock, Ont., who is 35 years of age. Mr. Bowen lost both legs in an accident many years ago and Mr. Tripp lost his arms in a similar manner. The men have been fast friends for many years and have made a good living by traveling about the country with a circus.

Two Are Ready to Marry.

A gentleman met a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house, and in a peculiar way said to her:

"Why, haven't you got married yet?"

"No, sor."

"Well, I thought you would have been married before now."

"Oh, no, sor," she said; "but thor's two waitin'."

"Two!" he exclaimed; "why, you don't mean to marry two, do you?"

"No, sor."

"Then who are they?" he inquired.

"Why," she replied, naively, "the two that's waitin' is the parson and me!"—Spare Moments.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

By Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor.

C. D. WRIGHT.

The solution of the labor problem is an impossibility, a conclusion I have reached after years of careful consideration of the question, and I base this assertion upon the fact that in order to solve satisfactorily this difficult problem the problem of life itself must at the same time be solved. By this I do not mean to say that unfortunate industrial conditions may not be ameliorated, for they can be to a greater or less extent when treated intelligently and fairly. The inborn restless hope of mankind for advancement, the ceaseless struggle of the human race for opportunities to enjoy life on a higher plane, the tremendous influence of belief on action, cannot be killed, and as they are the very essence of the problem of labor, the impossibility of its solution becomes apparent.

THREE TRUST EVILS AND THE REMEDY.

By Albert J. Beveridge, Senator from Indiana.

There are three trust evils. First, the watering of stocks, which defrauds the innocent purchaser of those securities. While only a few of our eighty millions are injured in that way, that evil must nevertheless be remedied, and its only remedy is publicity, for no one will buy a worthless share of stock if he knows the condition of the corporation that issues it. When statements of their business are published to the world, every purchaser may know what he buys. The other evils of trusts are the unjust raising of prices and the unjust lowering of wages. Prices are seldom arbitrarily raised by trusts, because the higher the prices the smaller the sales, and therefore the smaller their profits. Although unjust reductions of wages is less and less frequent, as is proved by the voluntary advancement of the wages of the employes of the steel trust and hundreds of other great employers of labor, the possibility of such a wrong must be prevented.

The only method to prevent these wrongs is the gradual development of national control of corporations doing business throughout the nation. Effective national supervision must grow. Ironclad control of business methods which themselves are perpetually changing and improving cannot be created on the instant, and would not be effective if it could. National control which accomplishes anything must develop as the changing methods or organized industry themselves develop. Moderation is the word of wisdom in all human legislation that attempts to regulate the business activities of 80,000,000 people.

HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.

By Mrs. C. E. Humphrey.

It is easy enough to give advice on the choice of a husband—to say that he should be well off, good-tempered, in a suitable social stratum, good-looking, but not so handsome as to be a germ of heart disease, and congenial to a girl's own likes and dislikes.

But what is the use of advice? When love creates his own matchless atmosphere about a man the girl no longer sees him as he is. She may have said: "I will never marry a widower" (heaps of girls say that).

"I will never, never, never marry a poor man! I won't—simply won't—marry anybody under 35" (35 is a favorite age among girls).

"The man I marry must be taller than I am and of distinguished appearance" (girls all want that).

"I simply could not marry a man who stoops or stammers, or lisps, or says 'He, he!' when he laughs."

That is the way girls talk to their inmost thoughts. Then He comes along, pushes the imagined hero from the pedestal, and climbs up himself. The girl helps him, thinking that she has finally found a man so far above her preconceived notion that it is gross disloyalty to her newfound affinity to remember that she had ever known a dream knight. She changes the man of her spirit for the man of flesh and blood, joyously and with terrible abruptness.

When a girl selects from her admirers the man of her choice, impelled by this fateful fascination, she often emerges from the enchanted atmosphere of love's young dream and regards her husband with astonishment, occasionally mixed with a sentiment that may be gently described as the opposite of agreeable. She sees the poor man as he is, and not as her rosy fancy painted him, and is surprised at herself for having made such a curious choice.

Girls should be careful whom they admit beyond the vestibule of acquaintance to the warm inner chambers of friendship. There is an unerring instinct that tells a woman whether a man is good or bad. She who is capable of encouraging an acquaintance with a bad man is lacking in some of that refinement which marks the true woman.

The best way to avoid falling in love with undesirable men is not to know them. Poverty is a disadvantage in a possible husband; but what a clean and wholesome disadvantage as compared with that of a low, debased nature! A girl may do far worse than marry a poor man. For instance, she might fall in love with and tie her life to an unhealthy one; and that spells Misery in large capitals!

BUSINESS RESPONSIBILITIES.

By Henry E. Streck, of New York.

To the spectator standing by the side of the track when the Empire Express sweeps by at a mile a minute the power indicated by the rushing train is almost overwhelmingly impressive. And yet it is completely under the control of the engineer, who, with his hand on the throttle can, by the pressure of a single finger, regulate the speed of the express or bring it to a standstill. The position of the engineer with reference to the train is very much like that of the man who stands at the head of a great mercantile establishment. As he sits in his office he can, by touching a button, summon to his presence the members of his executive staff, who are directly in charge of the several departments, and give them his orders. It is their duty individually to see that they are carried out. The manager's responsibility is large, but, as it is shared by his chief assistants, his duties are not extremely wearing. His attitude toward his staff is that of counsellor, commander and a deviser of plans.

Relatively speaking, the man who owns and directs a small business has a much harder task. In most cases he has no one with whom to divide the responsibility or to relieve him of the burden of detail work. If he is conducting a dry goods store, he must buy the goods, see that they are properly displayed, write the advertisements, look after the finances, make collections, hire the clerks and perform the work of a salesman himself. His hours are long, his duties exacting and his periods of pleasure extremely limited. When he goes home at night, it is not to sit down and chat with his wife and children, but to write business letters, to make out bills, or to draw up plans for the future. While the responsibility resting upon the shoulders of the manager of a big establishment is great, it is not to be compared with that of the conductor of a small one. The latter is individually compelled to bear all the vexations of his business. No one shares them with him. Things "get onto his nerves," and unless he learns to be philosophical, and to meet the difficulties as they arise with a firm and patient spirit, he soon goes to pieces under the pressure.

I am not prepared to assert that it takes a smarter man to make a success of a small business than of a large one, but I will say that he who can, in the midst of sharp competition, establish and satisfactorily develop a business of his own, must be possessed of a hatful of brains, and know how to use them.

MEMORIAL TO WINNIE DAVIS.

Daughter of the Confederacy to Have a Hall Named After Her.

Winnie Davis, the daughter of the Confederacy, who died a few years ago, is to be honored by a memorial, which is now in process of erection in connection with the State Normal School at Athens, Ga. The idea dates back to four years ago, when the State branch of the Daughters of the Confederacy held a convention at Rome, Ga. It was then decided that there could be no more appropriate method of honoring the memory of the southern President's daughter than by the addition to one of Georgia's Normal Schools for a dormitory for the children or grandchildren of Confederate

THE WINNIE DAVIS HALL.

veterans, and Athens was selected as the beneficiary. The Daughters of the Confederacy had collected $60,000 toward the cost when the Southern Educational Congress, at a meeting held a year ago, offered to contribute half of the additional $9,000 which was needed. This left only $4,500 to be provided, and that fund is now practically completed.

The school at Athens is badly hampered on account of suitable accommodations. The Winnie Davis hall will to a considerable extent relieve this condition. The nature of the memorial is looked upon approvingly in the south. Mrs. Jefferson Davis says of it: "It is to me one of the dearest of all efforts to do honor to my child's spotless name."

AMERICAN MACHINE IN PERSIA.

Fair Houri to Gain Freedom With the Coming of the Sewing Machine.

The American harvesting machine is now seen in Palestine and Assyrian grain fields, even in the field where Ruth gleaned, and the American sewing machine has invaded Persia. Minister Griscom says it is "about the first thing one sees on entering a village" in the shah's domains. A New York idea influencing the price of wheat in the home of Nebuchadnezzar and a Yankee notion improving the condition of Oriental womanhood, says the New York World. These gifts from the barbaric West wipe out much of the debt we owe the far East. The introduction of the sewing machine into Persia means the doom of the harem. A Morocco monarch is about to lose his throne because of the bicycle, but the idea is there and the next generation of Moors may raise a monument to him for his progressiveness. The first hum of the machine in the seraglio may mean trouble for the favorite. Perhaps the daring odalisque will pay the penalty with his head. But in the end it means the intelligence and moral uplifting of the sex. And when the typewriter follows in its wake their emancipation will be complete.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS RECEIVED MANY WOUNDS DURING HIS LIFE

SUCH a collection of scars as that borne by President Roosevelt was never owned by an American chief executive before. He is the "most wounded" President of the United States. Fifteen injuries of a more or less serious nature have been received by him since he reached manhood.

During his football days he received many bruises, and during his ranching career in the West he got three ribs broken. Later in the Bad Lands he had a bone broken in his shoulder from a fall from a vicious horse.

He was attacked by a grizzly bear while hunting in Idaho in 1889, and escaped by a narrow margin. Two years before that he was chased by an infuriated steer in the Big Horn country of Wyoming. He grabbed the steer by the horns, vaulted to its back, and rode it for two miles.

On more recent hunting trips in Colorado he has had encounters with mountain lions in which his quickness of hand frequently saved his life.

He was slightly wounded in the hand during the Cuban campaign, and he barely escaped death in the trolley accident at Pittsfield. His leg was so injured that an operation for abscess had to be performed later.

President Roosevelt's last two injuries have been received at the hands of his intimate friend, General Leonard Wood, in single stick and rapier play, which they used as exercise almost daily. A few weeks ago General Wood thrust his rapier through the President's mask, bruising him severely on the forehead and narrowly missing his left eye. A week later the two friends were in a vigorous bout with the single stick in an improvised gymnasium near the top of the White House. The play became rather heated, and in the rapid play the President caught a heavy cut on the wrist. He had to shake hands with his left hand at the recent White House reception.

Builded Better Than He Knew.

A Wednesbury, England, resident in the sixteenth century left $1,000 to provide annually on St. Thomas' day three gowns and three coats to indigent persons of the parish. Following the custom of the times the money was invested in land (in this case in minerals), and the original legacy has increased in value to $30,000. Instead of the three gowns and three coats the charity commissioners who administer the funds are able to present 200 gowns and sixty coats.

Surprise for the Parson.

A clergyman having occasion to go to London before Christmas, his wife asked him to buy a text for the gallery of the church for the Christmas decorations, according to "The King." He was very busy and forgot all about it till just before leaving, so wired for instructions to his wife as to words and dimensions. She wired back the following message: "Unto us a son is born, nine feet long by three feet high."—New York Tribune.

Valuable to Olive Growers.

A new process for extracting oil from olives by a centrifugal machine, such as is used in sugar refineries, will effect an enormous saving to the olive growers of California.

Lord Curzon is the twenty-seventh governor of India.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

The Daring Idea First Conceived by Johann Comenius.

Three hundred years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toil on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination not of some fond mother or gentlewoman teacher, but of a bewigged and betitled university doctor.

It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the daring idea that children could be taught by the aid of the memory and the imagination working together, "by means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory." In other words, the good Herr Doctor had the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and called it the "Orbis Pictus." It contains rude woodcuts representing objects in the natural world, as trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures. It is a quaint volume and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him.

As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, the "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch making book. It is the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.—Household.

Smoking In Spain.

In Spain people smoke incessantly under all conditions, at all hours and in all places, except in church. Men smoke in the railway carriages; they smoke in all the tram cars; they smoke in all the minor theaters; they smoke in all the restaurants, in the hotel dining rooms, and, of course, in the cafes. In business offices the merchant and his clerks smoke. In shops the shopman, while trying to sell goods to a lady, will stop to roll a cigarette, which, when lighted, he will puff in her face. You see conductors and drivers of tram cars smoking. All the hackney cabmen smoke all the time, while even coachmen and footmen of private carriages sometimes smoke on the box. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office, the clerk lays down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers all smoke cigarettes all the time.—J. A. Hart in Argonaut.

The Ram Feast.

In Morocco the strange season of the Mohammedan new year, beginning March 9, is generally called "Ait-el-Hanwela," the ram feast. The people of Morocco pay more elaborate attention to the item of sacrifice than any other Moslems. In every town a supreme offering of a ram or he goat takes place at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck by the official imam in presence of the multitude it is flung on the shoulders of a stalwart Moor, who, exerting his utmost strength, runs like a deer through the narrow streets, pursued by a rabble. The poor animal is pelted with stones by boys and is jeered at with execrations from every house, as it is reputed to be carrying the sins of the people. The man rushes along with his burden till he reaches the door of the cadi's palace. If the animal is still breathing, the augury is excellent, for good luck is to be expected all through the year. But if the ram is dead all sorts of evil prognostications are muttered.

Something to Read.

Young Lady Customer—I don't know just what I want. Can't you suggest something?

Clerk—Here's a book I think might please you. It starts out with the scene laid in England and—

Customer—Oh, I don't care how it starts. How does it end?—Kansas City Journal.

Oriental View of Womanhood.

The oriental idea of the freedom which American women enjoy does not accord with that of Americans. One Hindoo lady expressed herself as greatly shocked that American men should compel their women to go about in public unprotected, their faces exposed to the gaze of strangers, and a Hindoo gentleman with whom we talked thus expressed himself on the subject of oriental treatment of women:

"You say that we do not honor our women. Why, let me tell you that all Hindoo boys, till they are ready to learn the ways of men, are taught by their mothers. We are subject to our mothers, and we know what you occidentals do not yet seem to realize—that to have good men and good citizens we must have good mothers. You will hardly find a Hindoo man, whatever his caste, daring to go against the counsel of his mother. Can you say as much for American men?"

Could as much, do our readers think, be said for American men? There are no asylums for helpless fathers and mothers in the orient. So long as there is a corner and a crust to be shared the parents in the oriental family have the lion's share.—Household.

The Charitable Americans.

The Americans are looked upon by the peoples of Europe as the most wasteful persons in the world, and they do spend their money with a freedom unknown elsewhere because they have the money to spend. But with all their apparent carelessness there is no country in the world nor is there record of any in which the people devote so much to the welfare of the unfortunate and the wretched. The practice has become a habit and is looked upon rightly enough as an obligation. No one can free himself from it. Every one has a neighbor somewhere, and he will not fulfill his obligation merely by denying himself of some luxury or pleasure unless the self denial benefits his unfortunate neighbor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Strength of Eggshells.

Most people are aware of the power of eggshells to resist external pressure on the ends, but not many would credit the results of tests recently made which appear to be genuine. Eight ordinary hen's eggs that were submitted to pressure varied between 400 pounds and 675 pounds per square inch. With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs these gave way at pressures varying between thirty-two pounds and sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen one-thousandths inch.

The Public School.

The public school is generally underestimated and is frequently looked upon with indifference. Its influence cannot be expressed in a few words, but its influence is the lifeblood of the home, the community and the nation. Any ordinary imagination can conjure up a state of affairs that would soon come to pass if the schoolhouse were closed. It is the great sieve into which all the nations of the world are thrown, to be shaken down to the common level of obedience and patriotism.—Schoolmaster.

History Repeating.

Mr. Binks—I don't like the looks of that young man who calls to see Clara.

Mrs. Binks—He looks exactly as you did when you first came to see me.

"Was I any such fool as that?"

"Yes, you were, and yet I married you in spite of all my parents could say, and I am afraid that in spite of all we can say our Clara will now be just as big a fool as I was."

Genius and Goodness.

I have had sometimes in mine the gloved and white palm of the upper class and the heavy, black hand of the lower class and have recognized that both are but of men. After all these have passed before me I say that humanity has a synonym equality and that under heaven there is but one thing we ought to bow to, genius, and the only thing before which we ought to kneel, goodness.—Victor Hugo.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SOCIETY WOMAN'S LETTER.

St. Paul, Minn.
521 Wabasha St.

Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Dear Sir:

"I took Peruna last summer when I was all run down, and had a headache and backache, and no ambition for anything. I now feel as well as I ever did in all my life, and all thanks is due to your excellent Peruna."—BESS F. HEALY.

The symptoms of summer catarrh are quite unlike in different cases, but the most common ones are general lassitude, played-out, tired-out, used-up, run-down feelings, combined with more or less heavy, stupid, listless, mental condition. Relish for food and the ability to digest food seems to be lost.

Skin eruptions, sallow complexion, biliousness, coated tongue, fitful, irregular sleep, help to complete the picture which is so common at this season.

Peruna so exactly meets all these conditions that the demand is so great for this remedy at this season of the year that it is nearly impossible to supply it.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

If you want to do some effective missionary work spread civilizing books around among the ignorant.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

In the gallery of life you must look for the bright pictures—you can find them.

The Wonder Workers.

Chronic constipation that has yielded to no other treatment is quickly and permanently cured by Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

No boy will ever rise high in a profession he does not like.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2.00** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Abraham Lincoln was six feet four inches high in his stockings.

"I wish you had broken the news more gently," sighed the editor as the printer's devil pied the first page by dropping the form down a flight of stairs.

A gentleman is a man made right and improved with age. Apply that test to a whisky and you have "Old Gilt Edge Whisky."

To be useful and happy you must have a worthy object which you hope to gain.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Mrs. Crusty—Do you remember our first quarrel? Mr. Crusty—Let me see! Was that going into the church or coming out?

Don't mistake the name O. K. Cutter Whisky put up by A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

Having nothing to do in this world is worse than having too much to do.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Few of us care to be convinced against our prejudice.

Always look for this trade mark: "The Klean, Kool, Kitchen Kind." The stoves without smoke, ashes or heat. Make comfortable cooking.

A dollar is a good thing to have on a rainy day.

BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR—For 25c. we will send a prescription which when properly compounded is guaranteed to cure **Malaria, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles,** or *any other disease.* Or we will send five prescriptions for $1.00. These are standard prescriptions and used by the most eminent medical men of the world. Send at once. Have them when needed. **WESTERN PRESCRIPTION COMPANY** R. 48, 320 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

When Writing to Advertisers . . . Please Mention This Paper.

S. F. N. P. U. No. 21, 1903.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

Remember when you buy Miller's Milwaukee Beer you get the best. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Honesty is the only thing that stands the test of time.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."
Jos. Krehling, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE** Tobacco Habit.

Any one with positive ideas will find opposition.

THE KEELEY CURE
IS THE ONLY
GENUINE Cure for Liquor, Tobacco and Drug Addictions
There are thousands of men who have been saved by it who are glad to tell what they know about it. Send to us for free particulars.
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1170 Market St., Donohoe Bldg., San Francisco.

No writer writes to please all classes—every author has his admirers and his critics.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION
Price 25 Cents | GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

HAPPINESS will never be found so long as your back is turned on duty.

Grief is the graving tool that cuts the lines of grace in the character.

The wall of the conceit of knowledge is worse than one of the densest ignorance.

If the great Potter waited for clean clay He would make no vessels.

The sacrifice of professionalism may be the price of power in the pulpit.

The saloon's best friends are not the hard drinkers, but the lazy thinkers.

The strength of family religion does not depend on the size of the family Bible.

What would make a model for one case might only make a muddle in another.

There is no way you can do greater works than by the greatness of your ordinary works.

Ambition becomes sin when it turns from the blessing of service to the boosting of self.

There is more light in an old tallow dip than in a box of the most beautiful decorative candles.

The hope of this world is neither in pulpit nor in press, but is Christ in the hearts of the people.

Too many expect to purchase Heaven with the profits made by the sale of their own souls.

When a man buys a healthy peace at the price of a sickly pride he has made a good bargain.

Some men fight so anxiously for truth's cast-off garments that truth herself is almost slain.

Better throw a stream on the smoke of your imaginations than wait for the flame of a sinful end.

The only way God can keep brotherhood alive in some of us is by the bonds of common suffering.

No man ever yet succeeded in taking the gilt off the world's pills without absorbing their poison.

Many men save their money at the faucet of duty while they leave the bunghole of desire wide open.

DANGEROUS DEVOTION TO DUTY.

How Roosevelt Came Near Missing the Inauguration of McKinley.

A Vice-President seated in solitary grandeur in the Senate Chamber, while the ceremony of a Presidential inauguration to which he has been invited as an honored guest is going on outside, surely presents a spectacle with an element of humor in it. Few persons know how near Theodore Roosevelt came to playing such a part on the 4th of March, 1901. The Senate stickles so for minor details of etiquette that even a reformer of Mr. Roosevelt's sturdy type would hardly have ventured to transgress its rules, and they require that a formal motion to adjourn shall be put before a day's session can come to an end. After his inauguration as Vice-President in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Roosevelt took the gavel, and when the routine business was finished directed the sergeant-at-arms as usual to proceed with the ceremony of inaugurating Mr. McKinley as President.

It was then in order for some Senator to move an adjournment; but in the confusion nobody seemed to have his wits about him, and the whole assemblage, including the Senators, quitted the chamber for the east portico, where the oath was to be administered and the address delivered. In a few minutes the Vice-President found himself alone, with a fair prospect of remaining so until the day's performances were over. But it chanced that Senator Heitfeld missed his hat while passing through the corridor, and came back to look for it. Face to face with the Vice-President, it occurred to the Senator that something must be wrong, so with the utmost gravity, he moved "that the Senate do now adjourn." Mr. Roosevelt, with equal solemnity, put the motion, declared it carried, and proceeded in Mr. Heitfeld's company to the place on the President's stand which had been reserved for him.—Century.

First Census Ways.

The original schedules of the first census are now contained in twenty-six bound volumes, preserved in the Interior Department. For the most part the headings of the schedules were written in by hand. Indeed, up to and including 1820, the assistant marshals generally used such paper as they happened to have, ruling it, writing in the headings, and binding the sheets together themselves. In some cases merchants' account paper was used, and now and then the schedules were bound inside of a newspaper.—Century.

Pictorial Post Cards.

In Italy, each regiment has its own pictorial post cards, on which are the devices of the regiment, the list of battles in which it has taken part, or one of the heroic episodes in which it has figured. These are sold at moderate prices to officers and soldiers, and their use in correspondence serves to spread the prestige of the regiment.

A Matter of Seasons.

De Style—Was Eve a summer girl?

Gunbusta—Well, not exactly; but she was very prominent in the fall.—New York Times.

WHEN THE SEAL DINES.

Jugglery That Would Put the Human Performer to Shame.

The keeper who was going to feed the seal had reached the edge of the tank and was holding the fish tantalizingly at arm's length over the water. The seal was all interest and attention. Round and round the tank he darted, flipflapping, sidewheeling, leaping out of the water and performing all sorts of aquatic stunts, all the while keeping up his guttural yelpings. There was no question about his appetite. He was hungry and didn't much care who knew it, and his beady little eyes were all intent on the keeper's every move.

"Why don't yer t'row him a feesh?" demanded a boy spectator, growing impatient at the keeper's leisurely actions.

"All right, my boy; here goes!" And, suiting the action to the word, up into the air went one of the fishes, dropping toward the center of the oval.

The seal at the time was at the extreme end of the tank, considerably beneath the surface, but even there he must have been on the alert, for hardly had the fish left the keeper's hand when swish! a lightninglike somersault, a shadowy streak through the tank, and quicker even than thought the seal's gaping, whiskered jaws and a length of his eely looking neck were protruding from the water immediately under the tidbit, which disappeared into his willing maw to the accompaniment of an intensely appreciative smack.

It was all so quick and well calculated that the auditors stood amazed.

Without even the suspicion of a miss the performance was repeated as rapidly as the keeper could toss the fish. But the fun, fast and furious while it lasted, is soon over with, and the seal, after he had his fill, immediately lost all interest in his surroundings and waddled out on to his platform and curled up for an afternoon snooze.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Happiness.

Happiness? Sooth to say, it does not exist, or, rather, destiny serves it out to us in fractions, in small doses, homeopathically. Happiness is made up of halts. In the rough road stage of life, so long and yet so short, there are furtive moments when we sit down by the wayside and would gladly stop there, go no farther, sleep a little on the good earth which will one day embrace us. And immediately the march, march, of Bossuet rings out and urges us on. A halt? Why? Up and on, quick; we must hark forward; life continues. We rise and take up our burden again. March! March!—Jules Claretie.

Teacher—What is the meaning of "parvenu?"

Johnny—An upstart.

Teacher—Give a sentence in which the word is used.

Johnny—When a man sits down on a bent pin, he gives a violent parvenu.—Chicago Tribune.

That Tired Feeling

Is a Common Spring Trouble.

It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

It's a warning, too, which only the hazardous fail to heed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation.

They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula." Mrs. C. M. Root, Gilead, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

We are all a little jealous or envious of the fellow who climbs faster than we do.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Is the old pioneer Commercial School of the Pacific Coast. It has trained 20,000 young men and women for active business careers. Thousands of prominent business men of the Coast got their start at Heald's. The old college has not for years been able to supply the demand for its graduates, notwithstanding the annual attendance is about 1,000. Send for large Catalogue.

Address
E. P. HEALD, President
24 Post Street, San Francisco

Life should be a season of work and pleasure.

HOTEL NETHERLAND
18 Turk St., San Francisco.

Newest and most central in city, one block from Theatres, 250 light rooms, steam heat, electric lights and telephone in every room. Best moderate priced Hotel on Pacific Coast. Rates reasonable. European plan. Take Market Street car to Turk St.

CONTRACTORS' EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
Male Help of All Kinds Furnished Free to Every Employer of Help. Telegraph, write or call in person and procure your help from us. L. H. Cutting, Mgr., 635 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal.

DISAGREEABLE REFLECTIONS

The mirror never flatters; it tells the truth, no matter how much it may hurt the pride or how humiliating and disagreeable the reflections. A red, rough skin is fatal to beauty, and blackheads, blotches and pimples are ruinous to the complexion, and no wonder such desperate efforts are made to hide these blemishes, and cover over the defects, and some never stop to consider the danger in skin foods, face lotions, soaps, salves and powders, but apply them vigorously and often without regard to consequences, and many complexions are ruined by the chemicals and poisons contained in these cosmetics.

Skin diseases are due to internal causes, to humors and poisons in the blood, and to attempt a cure by external treatment is an endless, hopeless task. Some simple wash or ointment is often beneficial when the skin is much inflamed or itches, but you can't depend upon local remedies for permanent relief, for the blood is continually throwing off impurities which irritate and clog the glands and pores of the skin, and as long as the blood remains unhealthy, just so long will the eruptions last. To effectually and permanently cure skin troubles the blood must be purified and the system thoroughly cleansed and built up, and S. S. S., the well known blood purifier and tonic, is acknowledged superior to all other remedies for this purpose. It is the only guaranteed strictly vegetable blood remedy. It never deranges the system or impairs the digestion like Potash and Arsenic and drugs of this character, but aids in the digestion and assimilation of food and improves the appetite. Being a blood purifier and tonic combined, the humors and poisons are counteracted and the blood made rich and pure, and at the same time the general health and system is rapidly built up and good health is established, and this, after all, is the secret of a smooth, soft skin and beautiful complexion.

Cartersville, Ga., R. R. No. 2.
I suffered for a number of years with a severe Nettle-rash.
About twelve years ago I started using S. S. S., and after taking three bottles I felt myself cured and have since taken a bottle occasionally, and had little or no trouble along that line. My general health has been better since. I recommend S. S. S. as a good blood medicine and all round tonic. Yours truly,
Mrs. M. I. PITTARD.

Some two years ago I suffered a great deal, caused on account of bad blood. Small rash or pimples broke out over my body and kept getting worse day by day for over a year. Seeing S. S. S. advertised in the papers and having heard also it had cured several people in this city, concluded to give it a fair trial. After using the medicine for some time, taking in all six bottles, I was entirely cured.
EDWARD C. LONG,
1020 Clay Street, Paducah, Ky.

SSS

If you have any skin trouble send for our free book, "The Skin and Its Diseases." No charge for medical advice. Write us about your case.

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Work While You Pray.

A squall caught a party of tourists on a lake in Scotland and threatened to capsize their boat. When it seemed that the crisis had really come, the largest and strongest man in the party, in a state of intense fear, said, "Let us pray." "No, no, my man!" shouted the bluff old boatman. "Let the little man pray. You take an oar!"—Success.

Avoid greatness. In a cottage there may be found more real happiness than kings or their favorites enjoy in palaces.—Horace.

Why the Editor Skipped.

An editor of a small American paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in the town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper next month. In two weeks the circulation of his newspaper doubled. But when he gave the name of his wife he had to leave town.—Fourth Estate.

Scribbler—Would you call yourself a poet or simply a versifier?

Scrawler—Well, when the editor lights his pipe with my stuff it's a case of verse afire.—Philadelphia Record.

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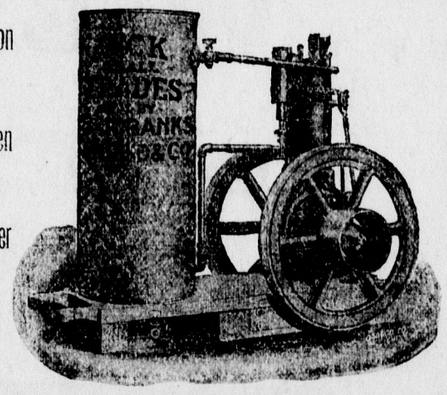

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Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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